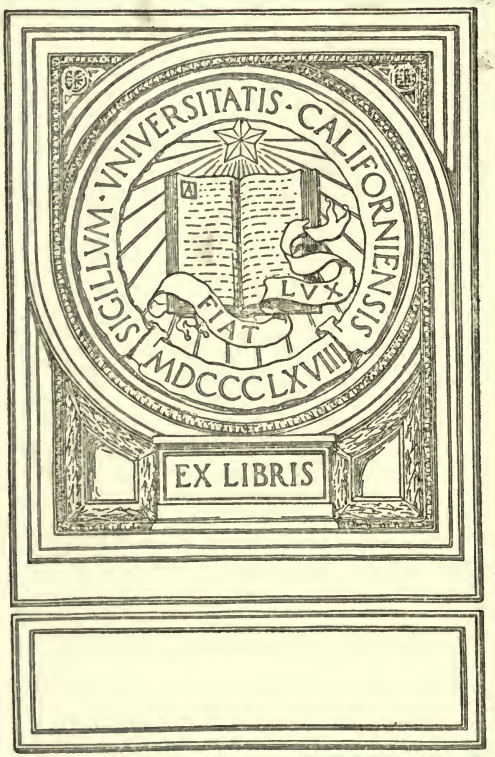
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THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

Egeria:

OR,

VOICES OF THOUGHT AND COUNSEL,

FOR

THE WOODS AND WAYSIDE.

BY

W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "KATHARINE WALTON," ETC.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE collection which follows has been the unpremeditated accumulation of many years. It constitutes a body of sentiment and opinion, which, I trust, will commend itself to other minds, and be justified in the thought, feeling, and experience of other lives. Some of it may have been derived from a very excursive reading; indeed, it is scarcely possible that it should be otherwise: but I feel very sure that the greater portion of it has grown out of a purely individual experience, from patient as well as passing observation, and forms the conviction of a mind, the habits and training of which have been of a kind always to nourish a proper independence. Some of the opinions here expressed may startle: there is no good reason, however, that they should offend. You and I, gentle reader, may differ in

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many of our notions; but if we do not differ, how shall we expect to satisfy either mind, and by what process should we discover truth? Let our differences be of the sort only which music justifies and requires, in which a certain amount of discord is admitted as one of the most necessary ingredients of harmony.

W. G. S.

EGERIA.

EGERIA.

Egeria is the Muse of Counsel. She is described as the mysterious nymph who met Numa Pompilius, and taught him how to govern. She met him always in solitude, and Solitude is the nurse of Thought. She met him in the groves, which are places favorable to meditation. She met him at twilight, when a certain calm usually overspreads the soul—the passions being in repose—and when the mind consciously hovers, as it were, between the two worlds of Time and Eternity, in some degree partaking of both. Egeria is a beautiful fancy of the old Tradition. Thought and Study are beguiled to the solitude, where Wisdom puts on the aspect of Love, for the better persuasion of the pupil. Through such influences, we might naturally expect that Counsel should be at once grateful and easy of attainment. We should, each

of us seek for an Egeria;—for Numa, though a prince, was thus honored, only because of his attributes as a man!

AUTHORITY.

The Cumœan Sibyl, who came to Tullus Hostilius, bringing him books for sale—nine at first, and afterwards reduced to three—was probably the same person with the Egeria of Numa Pompilius. She assumed another character and a different deportment, when dealing with a different person. With the gentle and modest Numa, she was a friend and counsellor; but the haughty pride of Tullus needed an authority, rather than an adviser. To the one she spoke as a companion; to the other, she brought a book of written laws. He is undoubtedly the wisest person who submits to and receives counsel, but the greater portion of mankind are not so easily taught. To counsel or advise with them, is really to provoke self-esteem to disputation. You must put on the aspect of an oracle; never, like Isis, permit your features to be unveiled—and, speaking only without suffering an answer, your authority shall pass without a question.

APOTHEGMS.

The apothegm is the most portable form of Truth. It is fortunate for the teacher that she is so ductile in her forms, in spite of the inflexibility of her essentials. It is thus that the proverb answers where the sermon fails, as a well-charged pistol will do more execution than a whole barrel of gunpowder idly expended in the air.

MORALS.

The moral of the steed is in the spur of his rider; of the slave, in the eye of his master; of the woman, in the sense of her weakness and dependence.

CONSERVATISM.

With the weak and vulgar mind, Conservatism implies nothing more than to keep things as they are, no matter how wanting in propriety and susceptible of improvement;—a condition agreeable only to the timid, and to those in power. But this sort of conservatism is, in fact, destructiveness,—and has been probably the true but secret cause of the overthrow of societies and commonwealths. The true law of the race is progress and develop-

ment. Whenever civilization pauses in the march of conquest, it is overthrown by the barbarian. The people that cease to advance, in the notion that their mission is ended, and their development complete, from that moment begin to decline, and must go rapidly to decay. The conservatism which hopes to retard a legitimate progress, will inevitably be crushed in its march. All such efforts may be likened to that of the feeble old man who attempts to arrest the speed of the locomotive, by thrusting his gold-headed crutch between its wheels. True Conservatism is rather the bold spirit which leaps into the car of progress, and, seizing upon the reins, directs its movements with a firm hand, and an eye that sees the proper goal for which the race should aim.

PATRIOTISM.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

VANITY AND SELF-ESTEEM.

We are quite too apt to confound Vanity with Self-Esteem. The former is always a weakness, though sometimes an amiable one. The latter is

frequently significant of strength, though its exhibition is quite too often at the expense of its neighbors. Vanity may be likened to the smooth-skinned and velvet-footed mouse, nibbling about for ever in expectation of a crumb; while Self-Esteem is too apt to take the likeness of the huge butcher's dog, who carries off your steaks, and growls at you as he goes.

SECRETS.

It is said that he or she who admits the possession of a secret, has already half revealed it. Certainly, it is a great deal gained towards the acquisition of a treasure, to know exactly where it lies. Curiosity needs a clue only to begin the search. The misfortune is, that the key which cannot open the lock, may yet suffice to spoil it. It is seldom, indeed, that a secret is stolen without impairing its integrity.

MARRIAGE SECRETS.

The Romans designated *false keys*, along with drunkenness and adultery, as a sufficient cause of divorce. This surely speaks for a lower degree of delicacy and virtue in the marriage state of Rome,

in the days of Plutarch, than anywhere exists among the moderns; since the existence of the law implies the frequency of the offence. A secret of either of the parties in the marriage state, should, indeed, as a matter of mutual policy, be among the most sacred of all kinds of secrets. This is essential to the confidence which every day requires that new secrets should be yielded to their mutual keeping.

CENSURE.

The vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

MOTIVES OF CENSURE.

We as frequently censure through evil passions, through envy, prejudice, and presumption, as because of any undesert in the subject. Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the aliment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.

CRITICISM.

Neither praise nor blame is the object of true criticism. Justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe, and honestly to award—these are the true aims and duties of criticism.

WEALTH.

Our possessions are wholly in our performances. He owns nothing to whom the world owes nothing.

ACQUISITION.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give. There is no beggar so destitute as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor.

POSITION.

When, in our government phrase, we declare all men to be equal, nothing more is meant than that all have an equal claim on the protection of government—the great object for which government is conceived at all. To do justice in society to all persons, is not to elevate our friends, Smith, Jones, and Jenkins, to the throne of the Cæsars, or to the Presidency of the States, but to check the Cæsars

and the Presidents from thrusting Smith, Jones, and Jenkins from the security of the workbench. A proper justice among men requires that we should properly individualize their pretensions. The man who can work in marble better than anybody else, must be made secure in the occupation in which he is so successful. It would be a great wrong to him, even if his own vanity should have such cravings, to allow that he should leave his quarry for the forum—incurring the risk of transforming a good stonecutter into a bad orator. Equally great were the wrong to the individual, as well as to society, if we were to suffer the man who wrought wonderfully with mallet and chisel, to write villainously with a goose-quill. The only correct idea of social liberty is, that each person should be suffered to occupy his proper place, according to his natural capacities.

FREEDOM, SLAVERY, TYRANNY.

He is a freeman, whose social condition is in no respect inferior to the claims of his moral and his intellect. He is no slave, no matter what his condition, when that condition continues to improve in intellectual and moral respects. He, alone, is the

slave, who is denied the position which is essential to the exercise of his proper faculties, and the fit development of his natural powers. He cannot but be a tyrant, whom society has lifted into a condition superior to his capacities.

DISTINCTION.

Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them. It is to the few alone that *place* accords distinction. Position, in the world's eye, is a pillory, rather than a throne, to the thousands who scramble for its attainment; and there is a native baseness in the ambition which seeks beyond its desert, that never shows more conspicuously than when, no matter how, it temporarily gains its object. The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

OBLIGATION.

To feel oppressed by obligation, is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy, is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior

to our pride. Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made *sour* by the remembrance, and the vain *silent*.

TACT.

Tact is one of the first of mental virtues, the absence of which is frequently fatal to the best of talents. Without denying that it is a talent of itself, it will suffice if we admit that it supplies the place of many talents. It is chiefly discoverable in society, by the facility with which it ascertains in which of your toes the gout has taken lodgment, and in the felicity with which it avoids trespassing upon the suffering member. We cannot withhold our affection from one who not only forbears our failings, but never suffers us to suppose that he suspects their existence.

SONG.

It is a bird-flight of the soul, when the heart declares itself in song. The affections that clothe themselves with wings, are passions that have been subdued to virtues.

BENEFACTION.

The highest glory of manhood is when it stands

in the attitude of the benefactor. It is in this attitude that it most resembles the Deity, in whose image, we are told, that man was originally made. It is in this attitude that it most strikingly exhibits its own sense of gratitude to God for *His* benefactions.

AIMS OF LIFE.

He is most secure of life who lives for his fellow. One lives through all periods, who has in all periods lived for his race. We must see humanity through our ambition always, if we would make and perpetuate that life which consists in an undying reputation.

CHANCE.

There is, no doubt, such a thing as Chance, but I see no reason why Providence should not make use of it.

PURPOSELESS THOUGHT.

To think without a purpose, is to baffle the will, which is equally the soul of purpose and performance. The intellect is imbecile in execution, whose efforts are objectless. That is the ablest mind, which has acquired the habit of thinking during action.

THE AMIABLE.

The amiable is a duty most certainly, but must not be exercised at the expense of any of the virtues. He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood. The most tolerant nature in the world should always discriminate in its indulgence, if it would not countenance insolence, or afford a sanction to the offender. Virtue requires that we should chasten, quite as often as Humanity entreats us to forbear; and Authority must frequently use the scourge, where Affection would be only too happy to embrace.

GOOD SERVANTS.

If you would avoid being angry with your servant, wait as much as possible upon yourself.

VIRTUES.

Our virtues are but too frequently exercised at the expense of our charities. They should never be allowed to lift us so far above our neighbors, as to make us lose sight of their sorrows and necessities.

AMBITION.

He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius. He who falters, in apprehension of the opinion of his neighbor, has already put himself in the harness of a master; and the genius which commands the keys of the future, is always an outlawry. To put one's wings into the keeping of another who has no wings, is certainly to have them clipped close to the shoulders. How should he approve of journeys by air, with the eagle, who has always pursued his own way along the earth with the snail? That audacity, which is one of the essentials of genius, has always laughed at what the conventional would describe as decorum. Genius is Discovery! How should it submit the training of its eyes to those by whom no discoveries have yet been made?

INSECURITY OF VICE.

The bond which holds the iniquitous together, is one perpetually liable to rupture. The very principle which brings the parties to coöperate—that of the spoils—is one which constantly prompts each of them to make prey of the other.

REASON AND REVELATION.

Revelation may not need the help of reason, but man does, even when in possession of Revelation. Reason may be described as the candle in the man's hand, to which Revelation brings the necessary flame.

THE POET.

The true poet is he who finds for the universal thought and feeling, the becoming language. He appeals, with an instinct peculiar to himself, to instincts which are common to the race; and endows, for the first time, with the power of expression, the overburdened and struggling, but hitherto dumb emotions. He finds that voice for the heart which not only unseals its fountains, but opens the way to sympathies which have their fountains also.

WINGS.

The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul. The soul must work its way out of prison, and, in doing so, provide itself with wings for a future journey. It is for each of us to determine whether our wings shall be those of an angel or a grub!

THE RACE.

The soul of a race is usually embodied in its most largely appointed minds. The individual greatness which we see evolved from the ranks of every working people—and which is always a working greatness—proves conclusively the measure of the mind and moral, the virtue, in short, which exists in the race at large. The safety of a people will chiefly depend upon the ready recognition which they yield to the claims of their most nobly commissioned representatives.

PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY.

Philosophy is reason with the eyes of the soul: poetry is philosophy with the wings of the spirit.

SOCIAL DESPOTISM.

The one great name, however worthy, by which the whole progress of a people is dictated or directed, is necessarily a despotism. It is too apt to supersede utterly the exercise of the popular intellect, and is thus destructive of all the securities of the race. The great names of a country quite too frequently degenerate into tyrannies, and, in living upon the past, an aristocracy lives usually for the

grievous injury of the present, and the probable overthrow of a people in the future. It is this fact which so frequently seems to render revolution necessary, if only to prevent stagnation.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude bears the same relation to the mind, that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery. In the respite thus afforded to thought by solitude, the soul seems to retire within herself, to close her portals against the world, shut out the garish lights of day, exclude all noisy clamors of the crowd, and, in a temporary withdrawal from the strife, so to recruit her strength, as to go forth to a renewal of the conflict, with new strength for its necessities, and new hopes of its result.

SIN.

It should console us for the fact that sin has not totally disappeared from the world, that the saints are not wholly deprived of employment.

SUN AND SHADOW.

It is only where there is light that there is shadow. Were there no cloud, there were no sun, and

we should never see a rainbow. Our cares are the mothers, not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys and most cheering and enduring pleasures.

HERESY.

In the proper exercise of the affections, we are sure to lose all our heresies. Our opinions can have no sort of effect in defeating our virtues. How my neighbor *thinks*, is scarcely of so much importance to me as how he *feels*. That he is a heretic, may be a very bad thing; but that is not properly a concern of mine, so long as his faith never affects his conduct. I see no heresy in the bunch of flowers that he so frequently sends for my toilet; and the green peas from his garden are among the first of the season.

ANGEL SPOTS.

Believing, as I do, that the angels are still frequent visiters among us, I find, every now and then, in the fresh and beautiful appearance of certain spots of field and forest, a sufficient reason for supposing these to be the favorite places upon which they prefer to alight. If the violets which spring

up thick in my path, suddenly, at the close of winter, do not denote the footstep of an angel, they certainly declare for the breath of one, and make me fancy his presence.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel, not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognised as teachers of wisdom.

NATIONAL DECAY.

This, the true sign of ruin to a race:—
It undertakes no march; and, day by day,
Drowses in camp, or with the laggard's pace,
Walks sentry o'er possessions that decay;
Destined, with sensible shame, to waste away:—
For the first secret of continued power,
Is the continued conquest:—all our sway
Hath surety in the uses of the hour,—
If that we lose, in vain, walled town and lofty tower.

FRIENDS TO BE STUDIED.

To serve a friend judiciously, you must study him. To teach him, it is essential not only to

know his condition, but his character. Unless you understand him, he will scarcely ever be made to understand you; and without this understanding, your lessons, educed wholly from your own nature, will in no degree appeal to his. To enter into your friend's necessity, and to reach the point from which he looks or thinks, must be the first step towards informing him with your thoughts, and moving his mind to a just appreciation of what is wise in yours.

SECURITY OF INNOCENCE.

If we take the word "safety" in an extended sense, and comprise within the province which we seek to guard, the moral, as well as the physical existence, there is nothing in the world so perfectly secure as innocence. Apollodorus lamented to Socrates that he should be doomed to suffer death, having been guilty of no offence. The philosopher, looking beyond human limits, inquired—"Would you have me die guilty? Melitus and Anytus may *kill*, but they cannot *hurt me!*" Yet how common it is, to hear people lamenting, with Apollodorus!—as if pain and death, which are inevitable conditions of life, should be the only, or the worst evils of humanity!

PATIENCE.

Patience, after all, is the highest courage, since it affords us time to mature all our energies. We shall hardly ever lose our redress, if we keep the wrong-doer in our debt, till we can fairly bring him before the judgment-seat of Heaven.

HUMILITY OF LOVE.

He who loves fervently, as naturally elevates the object of his admiration at his own expense. In due degree as he finds perfection in the creature of his passion, will he question his own success, in the doubt of his own worthiness. But, to love fervently, one must have set the highest estimate upon the value of his own affections; and the extent of his humility is in due degree with the extravagance of his desires.

PURITY OF DISTINCTION.

The moment that a man begins to rise above his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles. The already superior regard him as a probable competitor, and those below, or equal, as an impediment to their own progress. They make common cause, accordingly, for his destruction. But this, if he

be of the right moral stuff, will rather help than hurt him. If he be truly superior, the roughening process to which the strife subjects him, endows him with the most beneficial hardihood; and he continues to ascend, until he ceases to be within the control of either. As soon as they discover that their missiles no longer reach the object, they gather them up and make of them a monument in his honor, equally emulous in worship of the genius which they failed to victimize. So far he is safe; but he is then required to be doubly circumspect, and his shield must be one of the most crystalline propriety. While he struggled up the ascent, they would probably have preferred to see him weak and vicious. But, once upon the eminence, his adamant must be of more perfect proof than ever. His former fame is now his foe, and the exactions of his station are more dangerous than all the missiles of his ancient enemies. Let him falter in his place—let him but touch the earth for an instant, and show his stains—and the clamor and the assault are always more formidable from the superior elevation of the victim. We see spots on the sun and moon, which we should never regard on a house-wall or a hillock.

FORGIVENESS OF FRIENDS.

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts of the chance of finding forgiveness.

PHILOSOPHY OF SELFISHNESS.

It is perfectly delightful, the philosophy with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of our neighbors. That another should be hungry, after we have dined, is a consideration that distresses nobody.

NECESSITY AND TASTE.

The best of men may sometimes fall into the gutter; but it is the worst only, who is willing to remain there.

SERVICE.

Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor, when he upon whom the service is conferred, has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.

CONSOLATION.

No man, who thinks at all, proffers consolation to the sufferer with the view to soothing; for that is always idle, where the affliction is great and recent. He rather seeks to silence the complaint which he knows not how to answer.

SOCIAL GRATITUDE.

Do not flatter yourself that you will be missed because you are necessary. The world is very profligate of its treasure, and does not so much feel the need of him who serves it faithfully, as of him who most readily contributes to its forgetfulness.

CONFIDENCE.

To confide, even though to be betrayed, is much better than to learn only to conceal. In the one case, your neighbor wrongs you; but in the other you are perpetually doing injustice to yourself.

CHARACTER.

The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh, with men or women who have none; but we never confide in them. It may be added, also, that, though we frequently despise such persons, we never hate them. The case is different, where character ex-

ists. The man of character will always have enemies among the crowd, in fair proportion to the number of his friends. Decision of purpose, habitual earnestness, and readiness in the formation of a leading opinion, on every suggested subject, are the chief constituents of that moral quality in the man which we call character. Without these, there is as little virtue as strength. These are positive qualities, that force themselves upon the regards of others, and compel consideration—that make themselves felt always, whether for good or evil, and cannot be avoided, and must be encountered or endured. They provoke hostile or favorable sentiments among mankind, according to the application, for the false or the true, of their several influences. If their proprietor be a good man, the bad will hate him—if a bad man, the good.

SLUMBER.

There is something very true, very fanciful, and very sweet in the following epigram on "Slumber," which I translate from the Italian.

Sweet is slumber—it is life
Without its sorrow, sin, or sighing—
Death, without the fearful strife,
The mortal agony of dying.

CONDESCENSIONS OF THE PROUD.

Button your coat to the chin, when a proud man begins to flatter you. His assaults upon your understanding, betray only a further design upon your pocket or your principles.

DEATH.

Who is it that called Time the avenger, yet failed to see that Death was the consoler? What mortal afflictions are there, to which Death does not bring full remedy? What hurts of hope and body does it not repair? "This is a sharp medicine," said Raleigh, speaking of the axe, "but it cures all disorders."

ACTION.

Better that we should err in action, than wholly refuse to perform. The storm is so much better than the calm, as it declares the presence of a living principle. Stagnation is something worse than death. It is corruption also.

SYMPATHY.

It is, perhaps, of no great importance to me, that I should fail to secure the friendly opinion of my

neighbor. The fault, and the misfortune, may be *his*, quite as much as mine. But it is everything to me, that I should not forfeit the sympathies of my race, through which I inherit the sunshine now, and hope for it hereafter.

TEMPERANCE.

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

JUSTICE.

Justice is the great, but simple principle, and the whole secret of success, in all government; as absolutely essential to the training of an infant, as to the control of a mighty nation.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

Poverty is necessarily feeble, but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them, which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens, which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

COUNSEL OUT OF SEASON.

Good counsel, when the fit is on us, is the very worst sort of impertinence. "Your words are very good," said the Seminole chief to the preacher; "I have heard you; yet, after all, the pain is here, still here, in the temples."

INDEPENDENCE.

To be independent of your neighbor, you must first have acquired a perfect mastery over yourself. How should you subdue his faculties to obedience, before you have trained your own to a perfect subservience to your will?

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

No government can be prosperous or permanent, the people of which are unsuccessful in their social objects. It matters not very much what these objects are. The unimpeded prosecution of them is the great guarantee for which governments are constituted. The first object of a government should be to convince the people that this guarantee is permanent and certain. Laws which fluctuate, are fatal to popular prosperity, while such as bear hardly upon any class, however small, though they

promote the absolute wishes of the rest, will be unwise, and become oppressive, in the end, to the whole; for it is, in all such cases, the nature of monopolies to increase in due proportion to the increasing appetites of a majority which are thus pampered into forgetfulness of prudence. The boy and his gold-laying goose, of which we read in our Æsop, was but the disguised history of a monopoly, whose desires cut its own throat.

PASSIONS.

Strong passions are the life of manly virtues. But they need not necessarily be evil, because they are passions and because they are strong. The Passions may be likened to blooded horses, that need training and the curb only, to enable him whom they carry to achieve the most glorious triumphs. Even hate may be recognised as a great virtue no less than love. Thus—

> The noblest of virtues are Love and Hate,
> Fitted each with the other to mate,
> To strengthen the brain, and to kindle the blood—
> Hate for the Evil, and Love for the Good!

DECAYED POLITICIANS.

The shrewdest politician is he who never asserts

his popularity, nor uses it, at any time, to its fullest extent. The small politician is never satisfied but when his bow is bent. How slowly does he arrive at the knowledge, which all others possess, of the decline of that strength which could bend it so readily before. What desperation seizes upon his heart, when he finds that nobody now runs to see where his arrow strikes.

GOD AND FORTUNE.

We must calculate not on the weather, nor on Fortune, but upon God and ourselves. He may fail us in the gratification of our wishes, but never in the encounter with our exigencies.

BLIND SEEKERS.

That we do not know the virtues or the talents of our neighbor, is due quite as frequently to our own blindness as to his deficiencies. It is not everybody who carries the divining rod by which we discover where the treasure lies, or where the waters gather in secret.

CONQUEST IN ELEVATION.

The falcon pursues and destroys the heron, a bird

far superior in weight and power to himself. The swallow, one of the smallest of our birds, is the favorite of all our farm-yards, as he gives chase to the hawk, one of the most greedy and ferocious ruffians of the air. The simple secret of the power which these birds possess is in their capacity to attain the highest elevations, from which they dart down upon their enemies from unexpected points. Moral power requires the same capacity of wing. We must gain the loftiest heights before we can successfully combat. This is always the secret of conquest. But take the idea in verse.

If thou would'st strike thy enemy to the earth,
And shame him to submission, let thy wing
Take counsel from the falcon's, as she soars,
Still striving to attain a reach in air,
That mocks the ambition of the feebler bird,
She singles as her victim. Make thy spring,
Thus, for the eminence first; and, while thine eye
The spacious fields that sleep below, explores,
Thy courage kindles to the mountain's birth,
And thou wilt grow a conqueror in the sphere
To which thy soul finds likeness;—greatly stirred
By sense of new approach to heavenly height!
Thus still is born the sense of newer might,
With meet assurance of the victory,—
That feels its triumph ere the shriek of death

Breaks from the sharp pang of the prey beneath!
The vantage-ground is in the noblest flight,
And the blow ever surest struck from high!

GOVERNMENT.

Governments, to be wholesome, not, in other words, to become tyrannical and worse than useless, must learn to accommodate themselves to the changing conditions and advancing progress of their people. The inflexibility of the lawgiver, wedded only to routine, is one of the most certain causes of political convulsion.

FATE.

When we complain of fate, it is only by way of excusing ourselves. It is our caprice, our impatience, our cowardice, whose lapses we charge upon our stars.

OFFSPRING.

Would you have noble offspring? See that you choose for them a noble mother, since she alone must be their only teacher in that early period, when lessons are best acquired through the sympathies, and when the heart seems rather to strive against, than to obey the understanding.

VALUE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

The first lesson which you should teach your child, is the value of your affections. Let him see that these are to be won only on certain conditions, and that his chief good is in their acquisition. Bestow them only according to his deserts, and, by this simple rule, you may teach him the not always obvious distinction between right and wrong.

FAITH AND WILL.

Faith and will are the two maternal birds which nourish courage and performance; the one gives us confidence in ourselves, the other enables us to secure the confidence of those whom we would conquer or control.

USES OF WEALTH.

It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them, demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor.

SCEPTICISM.

Scepticism is, in most cases, the evidence of a

hard and selfish nature, which, governed by a pampered self-esteem, believes nothing but itself, and resents, as a personal indignity, the discoveries or counsels of another.

PROGRESS.

Either we grow wiser as we grow older, or there is no growth at all. Either we advance as we walk, or we cannot well be said to stand. Humanity is progress, or it is nothing.

TEARS.

Tears are the natural penalties of pleasure. It is a law, that we should pay for all that we enjoy. It is well, too, that, in snatching from Fortune an unusual blessing, we should not be suffered long to forget that passion is mortal, and that the very wing that bears us upward, is continually shedding its brightest feathers.

POPULAR MORALITY.

The popular prosperity depends very much upon the popular morality. It is for a people to determine for themselves what they shall be, and what they shall become. Soil, climate, fortune, go but

a small distance, comparatively speaking, in obtaining or securing eminence, happiness, or permanence to any nation. Vainly would the patriot strive, and the sage counsel, and the soldier fight, if a people are neither true to themselves nor active in their proper purposes. In their own hearts and hands lie the secret of their moral, their social, and political successes, and the labor which is taken for them, in which they themselves do not share, is so much labor thrown away. Even Hercules, a god, could only assist those who were first prepared and willing to put their own shoulders to the wheel.

THE PASSIONS AND AFFECTIONS.

Did we exercise our affections as sensibly as our passions, we should be the more perfectly the masters of our own hearts. But of these, in most cases, we know quite as little as we do of those of other people; and it is only in the ruin of our resources, that we are informed as to their extent. The heart has its own season for maturing and for fruit, and in suffering that season to escape us, we plant, but vainly, for the future. "Too late" is the mournful conviction which reaches us at last in the final response from the neglected oracle; and

the first accents which tell us that we have a heart, are heard only in its dying agonies, when despair forces from it the proofs of an existence of which the passions have never permitted us to know before. We only know where a God has been by the ghost that haunts the ruins of his altar-place.

"Still upward from the desert comes a voice,
That once, if heard, had made the heart rejoice;
Delight its burden in the days of yore,
But now it's one sad murmur, 'Nevermore!'"

REMEDIES FOR GRIEF.

The only escape from grief is to employment. The only resource against it is in religion; yet it is neither our policy nor our destiny to escape it altogether—since it is by grief that we gather strength in heart and soul, as labor endows the arms with muscle and manhood. Not to sorrow freely, is never to open the bosom to the sweets of the sunshine.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

There is no doctrine more dangerous than that which is perpetually making hideous outcry about (supposed) dangerous doctrines. No errors of opi-

nion can possibly be dangerous in a country where opinion is left free to grapple with them. Undoubtedly, such freedom produces the wildest freaks of speculation, the crudest philosophies, and morals and metaphysics, equally insisted upon and impossible. But they are of a fungous growth, have a mushroom life, which the next day's sun dries up and disperses. They need alarm nobody—yet they do. How many men, with hearts of lions, have yet been scared by shadows! Philosophy has its bugbears, as well as superstition.

NATIONAL PAUSES.

A nation, at one moment, seems to be utterly debased and self-abandoned. It exhibits neither great purposes, great performances, nor great men. But one of the common errors of the (so-called) philosophical historian, is to judge of nations at passing and isolated periods—periods of transition, at the best, when none of its permanent phases can possibly be apparent. Sleep is an element of action. A nation must have its period of repose, quite as much as an individual. May not these periods of unperformance be, in fact, periods of preparation? A nation may stoop in order to spring,

as the man crouches low to earth, when he would make his farthest leap.

RATIONAL LIBERTY.

The only rational liberty is that which is born of subjection, reared in the fear of God and love of man, and made courageous in the defence of a trust and the prosecution of a duty.

MOTIVE AND PRETEXT.

Noble spirits rejoice in the consciousness of a motive—base ones delight only in a pretext.

DIFFUSION OF TRUTH.

In morals, as in the mere essentials of social strength, the *general* diffusion of truth among mankind,—though no one individual shall have grown a jot wiser than the millions who have gone before, and have been great in preceding ages,—is the great but simple process for working out the grand consummation. The *universal* reception of *complete* truth—as it is possessed now, and was possibly possessed in times past, by certain individuals —is that coming of God's kingdom, the advent of which is the sole business of prophecy, and the great, but how little appreciated, hope of our race.

INEQUALITIES.

Inequalities are the great elements of harmony; and the business of art, whether the ear or the eye be the medium, is in their happy reconciliation. They defeat monotony, and invite contrast and transition, the true means of opposition, parallel and union.

GREAT NAMES.

If you would seek a place calculated to compel melancholy reflections, find a wood in which the overwhelming growth of great trees has prevented and kept down, by their depth and breadth of shadow, the upspringing of any young ones. In old aristocracies, and in communities the fortunes of which are stationary, you behold this condition frequently; and the fortunes of the land, thus shorn of the strength of its youth, are perpetually under blight. The great names of a people not unfrequently degenerate into tyrannies. It was not without a cause that the countryman voted for the banishment of Aristides.

ERROR NATURAL TO MAN.

Strange, that we should conclude a people to be

unequal to the business of their own government, because they sometimes happen to go wrong; as if it were any argument against a man's reason, because, happening to dine out with his friend, he drinks too much wine (a very reprehensible error, to be sure), and partially (though temporarily), loses the proper command of it. The man and the nation may equally fall into error; but this is one of the processes of truth, as scepticism first precedes faith. But the temporary lapse, or error, in man or nation, offers no good reason why they should not in the end come right.

NATIONAL PRIDE AND VANITY.

National pride is, no doubt, as Schlegel calls it, "a glorious fault," but national vanity is very certainly a grievous folly. In the possession of the one, we may safely laugh at all the world, but the exhibition of the other only provokes the world to laugh at us.

REVOLUTION.

What are the revolutions which occur in a community, but the efforts of a people, who seek by madness to recover what they have lost by blindness.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

The most striking feature, in the history of Genius, is its courage. Talent, on the contrary, is distinguished chiefly by its caution. The one goes forth, totally regardless of its costume, under the impulse of a glorious presage. The other never suffers itself to be seen, until it has made its toilet, under the guidance of a becoming taste.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Making due allowance for the occasional fortunate chance, and we may always assume that success is due wholly to the fact that the individual has properly learned the lesson, "Know thyself." Of course, we must first, in order to determine the degree of success, ascertain what the individual has aimed at. The higher wisdom seldom looks for its successes along the highway; and grows rich in a condition, which the world may despise for its seeming poverty. One's wealth may consist in the profitable use of his *talent*,—though it never in any way adds to the number of his *talents*.

LABOR.

It is a world of commentary upon the laws of

labor, that it is morally impossible to employ the body within its strength, and in a way suited to its capacities, without, at the same time, elevating the intellect. Properly administered, the law of labor is not merely a law of life, but a law of progress.

ATONEMENT.

To the proud man who has erred, the great difficulty is in knowing when atonement has been made.

POLITICIANS.

The politician never proves more utterly mortal, than when he gives ear to his enemy.

LAWS.

If laws were made by wise and just men only, it might be taken for granted that popular outbreaks would be unfrequent. Unhappily, cunning and not wisdom, selfishness and not justice, too frequently employ the ermine as a cloak, when simple faith regards it as an emblem. The poor and the ignorant, who are always apt to slumber over their rights, are sure to be the first, if not the only sufferers. Can we wonder that the sense of repeated wrong and outrage, brings with it a sense of desperation? There is a terrible truth, and no less terri-

ble warning, contained in the famous justificatory speech of Robespierre, who said—"Is it to be thought unreasonable that the people, in atonement for the wrongs of a century, demand the vengeance of a single day?"

EGOTISTS.

Your egotist is of three descriptions—he is your complacent, your complaining, or your contemptuous egotist. The first class is a sufficiently common one, and needs no particular description. He is your sniggering, simpering, lack-wit—constant with his smile—who, if he will not help, cannot hurt, and may escape harm on the score of his own harmlessness. The other two classes, though not equally common are sufficiently so in all conscience. Contemptuous egotism is always ready for a fight;—complaining egotism is always ready for a bribe. The former always fancies that the world is treading on his toes; the other is always afflicted, lest the world should not see when he puts his down. I have an acquaintance, who, before dinner, is the first character in perfection—after dinner, the last. He unites the species. Meet him before he gets to his chop-house, and his acknowledgment of your

"God den" is a sort of defiance. After his steak is discussed, he moves your bowels, if they be at all given to compassion, to hearken to the narrative of distresses which trouble his. The whole world has gone wrong with him—all the world are in a league to persecute him, and the only assurance you have that he will not throw himself into the river, is the consoling conviction that you feel, all the while, that, let the world treat him as it will, he is a person who can never dispense with himself. His self-love, alone, keeps the world from losing that which it could—very well afford to lose.

SUPERIORITY.

The right to govern another is based wholly on the presumption that he is not able to govern himself.

PRICE AND VALUE.

All men have their price, says Sir Robert Walpole. It were devoutly to be desired that they also had their value. And yet, it is very certain that men hold themselves quite as frequently too cheaply as too dear. To set a just value upon one's self, is the true import of the aphorism—"Know thyself!"

But most men know rather what they *wish*, than what they *are*, and are far more capable to *seem* than to *be*. The habit, which is taught by half of the social lessons that we learn, of deceiving others, naturally ends in the deceiving ourselves, and in the silly belief that we can deceive God also.

IRRESOLUTION.

To show yourself irresolute, is to endow your enemy with confidence. We take courage in beholding a feebleness which is greater than our own.

INFERIORITY.

A conviction of one's own inferiority soon prompts a thorough search into the weaknesses of the superior. There is nothing that the slave sooner learns, than the faults of the master.

REASON.

Certainly, reason was never conferred upon us, that its use should be foregone in a concern so vitally important as religion. Yet, how are we to reason upon a condition, like that of the future state, in which the use of facts is wholly denied! These are the very *materiel* upon which alone

reason can ground its right to interfere in the discussion. The truth is, that reason is the *human* faculty, to be exercised in relation to home interests. Were there no revelation, we should be apt to refer, for our religion, to our instincts, rather than our logic—and in spite of it:—and, indeed, we measurably do so now.

VOX POPULI.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" demands the satirist; and the question, in our country, may very well be applied to the people, who are, or should be, their own guards, and in whom the well-being and safety of the country properly abide. How shall we make them true to us, to one another, and to themselves? This is a question much more frequently asked than answered. We rely too much, as the mathematicians do, upon the virtue of *numbers*. We take for granted, as Miss Martineau does, that a majority must be right—forgetting, as we invariably do, that, at the beginning, and for a very obvious reason, the majority have been sadly wrong. They come right in the end, no doubt; but the doom of Jesus Christ, of Socrates, Galileo, and a host besides, sufficiently shows what the popular

tendencies must be, in all cases of a novel character, and on the subject of truths and doctrines previously unknown or untaught. Nor is the case, in all respects, much better now, than at the periods referred to. Persecution, if not so deadly, is scarcely less active to-day than it was yesterday. The expounder of the new faith, it is true, is not put on a gridiron, to test the merits of his doctrine over a slow fire; but there are a thousand other ways of despatching him by what is significantly called "public opinion!"—as if it was not public opinion that fried and flayed even in the days of Saint Bartholomew? This public opinion is a thing to be made and compounded, and it may be made good or evil. In no case is it a proper tribunal, since there is no sufficient reason why the tendencies of a mass should be made to supersede and take the place of justice, whose laws should come with equal emphasis and efficacy from the lips of an individual. I am unwilling to leave anything to public opinion, which the resort to a less flexible court will decide; and I am disposed to think that it is in consequence of so much being left to a tribunal which is as unstable as water, and as variable as the winds, that we make so little headway in our progress to the

certain and the true. We are daily congratulating ourselves with our conquests and discoveries, as well in morals as in philosophy; and yet, Truth and Error still keep up their ancient controversy, and we do not see that the former gains much from her old enemy. If Truth does sometimes go ahead, Error comes close at her heels. If she gains in one spot, it is wonderful how much she loses in another; and let her but give herself a moment's indulgence—let her venture to rest herself by the wayside for a while—and what a hard chase her more restless and always ready rival will give her for the goal!

FORTUNE.

He need never despair of Fortune, who has learned calmly to look her in the face; nay, the courage to do so, is frequently all that is essential to compel the fondest embraces of the capricious goddess.

HABITS.

Inculcate good habits in your children, and good principles—which are but names for good habits—will follow of themselves. Training, and not teach-

ing, is the word for children. You are to train them in habits, which no future lessons can *unteach.*

WILL AND MOOD.

Our will is not always superior to our moods. The heart is a fine instrument, which the atmosphere easily deranges. Ordinarily the natural instinct is to struggle fearlessly in the face of death; yet there are moments when the feeblest courage feels how easy it would be to die, and resigns itself, without a will, to any fortune. To struggle at all, at such moments, would be something worse than death. Such moments are, however, of very brief duration. They are adverse to our most precious instincts; indeed, it is in the temporary sleep of our instincts, that we indulge in moods of this erring and debasing character. Life is a duty, involving many strifes and embarrassments; the fear to encounter, and the effort to escape from which is quite as little creditable to our manhood as our religion.

STARS.

It is at the very moment when Earth closes her eyes for sleep, that those of Heaven are unveiled.

And how readily do we resign ourselves to sleep also, seeing the stars above us. How naturally do we associate their pure, bright, and smiling eyes, with those of so many celestial watchers—guardians set to keep our walls, so that the garrison may sleep in safety?

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Vanity compares, Pride contrasts, itself with its neighbor. The former rushes impetuously, the latter moves slowly, to this scrutiny. With the former, every new acquaintance prompts a feverish heat; with the latter, a contemptuous coldness. The one is impatient to convince others that he is the better man; the other does not doubt that he shall easily convince himself.

LOVE.

Love is the only true maturer in humanity. We ripen vainly, unless with her assistance. The germ and blossom of the heart never awaken to consciousness and bloom under any other smiles.

PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

[Here is a speech in sonnets—a novelty, certainly,—and such as never was delivered either in Par-

liament or Congress. It is possible that it may be quoted in both places in some future period, since events perpetually bring about a renewal of the strifes in respect to which it was written. These were such as threatened the peace in our Oregon difficulties.]

I. LYMPH.

Man wearies of the wonted! 'Tis the drudge
  Alone that shrinks from sweet variety,
And will not from his chimney-corner budge,
  For promise of the best society.
To him—the creature of a stagnant blood—
  All effort is but torture; and Content
Comes to him ever with his daily food,
  Though the wide world with uproar may be rent.
Is Guilt triumphant?—he but shakes his head,
And thanks the Lord, who gives him daily bread;
Is Virtue outraged?—still another shake,
The certain prelude to his juicy steak;
His neighbor's troubles and the world's despite
Do but confirm his daily appetite!

II. BLOOD.

Thank Heaven! there still are men—how precious few!
  More precious for their scarcity—with whom

This bread and beef alone will never do!
Make not the life they hunger for, nor stay
The mood that prompts them dare the deadliest doom,
That Virtue may have right, and Guilt give way!
It is the noble spirit's discontent,
That will not in the ancient fold be pent;
But breaks away, and pathways, wild and new,
Makes on the shore or seeks along the sea!
This is the spirit, above all, for me;
Still to the future generations true;
Not to be harnessed at a grandsire's knee,
But its own master—mastering others too!

III. PROGRESS THE PURIFIER.

This is the true nobility in blood,
Established by its manhood! It achieves!
Goes on its mission with meet hardihood,
And only what it consummates believes.
'Tis wild, perhaps, at first, and rude of air;
But watch the mountain-torrent at its source—
How foul and turbid, as it leaps with force,
Headlong, to hurry on its strong career,
Bursting old barriers. Follow, then, its course,
And note the gradual waters, how they clear!

Self-purified, the natural progress still,
As certain in the mortal as the stream,
Obeys the dictate of superior will,
That works its moral by eternal scheme!

IV. NATIONAL PROGRESS.

And what are nations, but the gathering streams,
That gush from base beginnings? Let them flow,
Destined to gather tribute as they go;
And still expanding to the sun's broad gleams,
To catch new brightness with increasing length;
Thus grace and beauty link themselves to strength,
Until the glorious progress takes a name—
Like Rome or Albion—which consenting realms,
Whom fear or favor, love or hate o'erwhelms,
Decree, in song and story, shall be—Fame!
Ours is a rash, rude people, like the rest,
Just at our wild beginnings—glad to own
That mountain impulse which must bear us on,
Till Glory, born of Power, shall make our rule
confessed.

V. PROGRESS INEVITABLE.

And thus we cover Texas! Thus we spell,
With deeds, the drowsy nations, as, of yore,

The adventurous Spaniard cracked th' Atlantic's
shell—
Though not for him to penetrate the core.
The good old Norman stock will do as well,
Nay, better; a selected stock of old,
With blood well-tempered, resolute and bold;
Set for a mighty work, the way to pave
For the wronged nations, and, in one great fold,
Unite them, from old tyrannies to save!
We do but follow out our destiny,
As did the ancient Israelite—and strive,
Unconscious that we work at His decree,
By Whom alone we triumph as we live!

VI. STEEL-TRAPS AND SPRING-GUNS.

To say that France grows surly, and to show
That Britain builds new steamers, and looks wroth,
Because 'tis certain we must onward go,
Is scarcely to prevent us, by my troth!
We cannot help the matter if we would;
The race must have expansion—we must grow
Though every forward footstep be withstood,
And every inch of ground presents its foe!
We have, thank Heaven! a most prolific brood;
Look at the census, if you aim to know—

And then, the foreign influx, bad and good;
All helps, new lands to clear—new seeds to sow;
We must obey our destiny and blood,
Though Europe show her bill, and strike her blow!

VII. OUR PROGRESS LEGITIMATE.

And 'tis her policy not less than ours,
That we should have such progress! Can she hope,
With daily growth of all our national powers,
Here, *on* our soil, *for* our own soil, to cope?
Why clamor in the question, "whose the right
By conquest or discovery?—what eye,
Briton or Apalachian, had first sight
Of the great wastes that now disputed lie?"
The right depends on the propinquity,
The absolute sympathy of soil and place,
Needful against the foreign enemy,
And for the due expansion of our race;
And this expansion, certain as the light,
Makes the right sure, in progress of the might!

VIII. NATIONAL ABSORPTION INEVITABLE.

Let the world know that in our hemisphere,
Europe can have no foothold. The design

Of Providence accords it to our line;
And, soon or late, the nations far and near,
Shall all be marshalled in one grand array
Of linkéd states; each, with peculiar race,
Sovereign and equal, in its several place,
Harmonious working in one common sway;
Blending in one the might of all, when foes
Assail them from without; yet each, as one,
True to the spot o'er which its banner flows,
And jealous of the birthright, sold to none!
These all-sufficient for themselves must be,
Sufficient, too, for all beyond the sea!

IX. INTEGRITY OF THE UNION CERTAIN, ON CONDITIONS.

Well! Feuds will disunite us!—This may be,
But Europe gains not in our loss,—for then,
The danger is from one great sovereignty,
Since, it is sure, the links must join again!
The danger, then, is hers no less than ours,
Since it beholds such increase of our powers;
A central strength, beheld from either sea,
The Atlantic and Pacific; that, not vain
The faith that Apalachia then must be,
What Albion has been—ne'er to be again!

Nay, something more than Albion!—with more
spread
Of compact empire, limitless and wide;
All soils, all surfaces, by oceans fed,
And thrice her strength in sons, from her own
stock beside.

X. WHY THE UNITED STATES MUST CONQUER.

To keep us from our conquests, it requires
That we be conquered!—Battles may be fought,
And we may lose them oft, as did our sires;
Towns may be burnt, and frigates may be caught,
And navies sunk, and armies may be slain;
And these may cool us till—we warm again!
But these are checks, not conquests—to delay,
Not turn us, from the inevitable way!
As well attempt Niagara on the leap,
With all her oceans, plunging o'er the steep,
As hope to stay the torrent which moves on,
Steady, and still increasing as it flows,
Destined to sweep the wastes of Oregon,
And in Canadian wilds to melt their fettering
snows.

XI. WHAT NECESSARY FOR OUR CONQUEST.

To conquer Apalachia, you must take
Firm foothold in her centre!—you must rend

His rifle from the Kentuckian—you must break
Old Hickory's staff that man could never bend—
Must tear us from our hearths—no easy toil
With th' Anglo-Norman nature, which takes root,
And flourishes, where'er it sets its foot!
Must raze the spirit we've planted, from the soil,
Lest, tasting ere they strike, your myrmidons grow
To freemen with the taste; and, all forgot,
Except your tyrannies, turn, with fatal blow,
And make a "Crackskull Common" of the spot
For their own masters!—These achievements done—
Then, how to keep the foothold you have won!

XII. COUNSEL AT PARTING.

Take better counsel from an enemy!
Make us your friends! Forego the hope to sway
Or strangle;—let the destiny have way,
Lest it destroy you! Better we should buy,
And barter with you, for our mutual wares,
Than, like great urchins, with more bulk than brains,
Still idly go together by the ears.
Let us avoid these penalties and pains!
Open your harbors to our western grains,

Let our commodities come duty free,
As we shall yours—and be prepared to see
That all the provinces that round us lie,
Are, by the Power that everything ordains,
Decreed to fall at length to *your* posterity!

SOCIETY.

The first best gift to the young is that of good society. If you do not provide them with proper playmates and playthings, they will find their own; and the devil will help them in the search, rather than they should go utterly neglected.

JEST.

Would you jest with the tiger, first see that his teeth are drawn; with the fool, first see that his ears are cropped. With the silly and the brutal you can neither jest nor reason. You must *cage* the one, and *cut* the other.

OBLIGATION.

It is one satisfaction, failing to find preferment, to feel that we are at least free from all indebtedness.

FAT.

The melancholy of the fat beast is seldom fatal.

IMMORTALITY.

To the ambitious and performing nature, the necessity of a future life is sufficiently shown, in the fact that so much of our proper performance is left undone in this.

SURFACE VIRTUE.

Many of our virtues are not even skin-deep: we put them on and off with our clothing; and, to prepare for God, we too often pursue the same course which we employ in preparing for company. The first Eve put on fig-leaves for concealment. The modern Eve, for the same object, has only to keep hers well washed. Soap and water, and French perfumes, suffice.

> She eats the fruit without alarm,
> Then wipes her mouth—and, where the harm?

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

The mistakes and errors of youth are the evil genii which wait upon our manhood, and the ghosts that make us tremble in old age. They chill our ardor when ardor would be success; oppose our progress when to advance would be to conquer; haunt our walks, which might otherwise be blessed

by the happiest spirits—by love, by grace, by faith, and beauty—and are not to be laid by all our exorcisms, nor to be entreated by all our supplications. We have raised them, in our folly, till they have grown superior to the check of our wisdom. Our very friends are useful to encourage their assaults, and to keep them from perishing. They keep them wakeful, when, perhaps, they would prefer to be at rest, quite as much as ourselves.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Something of the peculiar energies of the American character, is certainly due to the fact, that our country was the place of refuge for the ardent, the impatient, and the adventurous, of the Old World. The thoughts which they could not breathe in the one region, they could speak and sing aloud in the other. A dream of freedom in Europe became a principle of action in America, and he who could not be secure of a home in his original nest, found an empire where his wing had borne him. He brought with him his own wing, and the privilege to use it, was itself freedom.

FOOLS.

The fool is willing to pay for anything but wisdom. No man buys that of which he supposes himself to have an abundance already.

HUMANITY OF LOVE.

Love is but another name for that inscrutable presence by which the soul is connected with humanity.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

He who has surrendered himself to sleep, has yielded to a temporary death, the awaking from which does not depend upon himself. Yet he lies down to the one never doubting that his eyes will open upon the coming day. It is the delightful office of religion to assure us, among other no less happy truths, that death itself is not absolute, but that the sleep which it bestows has its awakening also. And yet, in spite of all her assurances, with what doubts do we yield ourselves to the sacred slumber; with how many fears as to the length of the night; with how many terrors as to the sort of day which is to open upon us! Perhaps, if the truth were known, our dread is rather greater with regard to the sleep than

the awakening. Our fears of the latter are not so lively as those which attend our thoughts in respect to the duration of the former.

SELF-DECEPTION.

It is, perhaps, less immoral to deceive one's neighbor than to deceive one's self. To him, atonement may be made; but we never think to repair our injustice to our own hearts; and there is, then, no couching that habitual blindness which inevitably results from any habit of self-deception.

AMBITION.

Ambition is frequently the only refuge which life has left to the denied or mortified affections. We chide at the grasping eye, the daring wing, the soul that seems to thirst for sovereignty only, and know not that the flight of this ambitious bird has been from a bosom, or a home, that is filled with ashes.

ERROR.

Error is like that genius in the Arabian Nights, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from earth to heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprising from what small beginnings most monsters grow.

THE AFFECTIONS.

You may make your affections too cheap, or too dear, in dealing with your children or your friends. If too cheap, none of them will value them—if too dear, all will despair of securing them. Affections are so many moral objects, to be accorded to justice, not to favor, and never to be withheld when due, nor bestowed when undeserved.

GENIUS.

What we call Genius, may perhaps, with more strict propriety, be described as the spirit of Discovery. Genius is the very eye of intellect and the wing of thought. It is always in advance of its time. It is the pioneer for the generation which it precedes. For this reason, it is called a seer—and hence, its songs have been prophecies. Its promptness of discernment, its courage for adventure, its energy in pursuit, and its unselfish surrender, to others, of the quarry which it strikes, are the great indications of its character. Genius is largely endowed with what may be described as the imaginative judgment—a faculty which enables it to fly to its conclusions, long in advance of the slower processes of reasoning. While ordinary minds attain

their results, step by step, by laborious diligence and doubtful thinking, it reaches its conclusions by a flight equally swift and certain. Columbus-like, it penetrates and passes those wastes which other men tremble to survey. Its province is new empire always, and still conquest rather than possession. The way once opened, it yields the path to other footsteps, and is never so much at home as when it leaves the travelled thoroughfare behind it.

DEPENDENCE.

Destitution is better than dependence, since it is, perhaps, easier to endure the cold, than to find one's patron so.

YOUTH.

The loss of youth is one of the most touching of all subjects in the thought of him who has past the meridian. There is an impressive anecdote given by the historian of one of the monarchs of France, the Superb Louis, perhaps,—but I really forget which,—who was heard to say, while gazing upon the beauties of his palace and grounds :—"And I must leave all these!" Could anything be more mournful? His thoughts and feelings had prepared him for no better world. There were no equivalents for what

he lost!—Here is a passage on a like topic, which I have paraphrased from the "Faust" of Goethe.

"Oh! give me back the days when I, myself,
Was growing still;—when, ever freshly springing,
Life was a fountain of perpetual music,
That knew not break or discord;—when the world
Was veiled in sacred mists—in mists made glorious
By the endowing fancy;—when the bud
Still bore miraculous sweetness;—when I gathered
From every sterile dale a wealth of flowers,
Which never glad me now! How rich my stores
When I had nothing—and how ample all
The nothing I possessed. Oh! give me back
The instinctive passion for the hidden truth—
The joy that brought delusion—yet denied
That I should doubt its treasure. Give me back
All those wild impulses,—those matchless passions,
Now swollen with fullest energy of hatred,
Now with the glory and the might of love;—
Oh! give me back my youth."

HORACE ON POLITICS.

Stuff, Tom! no more of politics,
I'm sick of all these juggler tricks,
This strife 'twixt *ins* and *outs*;
The knaves behind that pull the wires,
The fool in front that prates, nor tires,
So long as Demus shouts!

I've seen, and heard for twenty years,
The same vile slang offend mine ears;
And every wretched shoat,
Who longs for office, still declares,
How needful for the land's affairs,
That he should have my vote!

He is the patriot, born to save,
(If you believe the barefaced knave)
The country from its fate;
This is the crisis, worst of all,
Since Adam's, or Napoleon's fall,
That threatens most the State.

Don't you believe the rascal tale!—
The State, be sure, would never ail,
Were such as he at rest:
He is the cook that smokes the stew,—
Rid us of *him*, and we should do,
As safely as the best.

Suppose the State in danger!—well,
Can *he* the threatening storm repel?—
Look on him where he stands;—
Pursue his progress—backward trace,
His long career in public place,
With power for aye in hands.

What has he done, endured or shown,
That he should seize the helm alone,
And claim the right to guide?
He spouts and swaggers—he may sway
The rabble with his donkey bray,
But can he aught beside?

'Tis one thing, surely, to assert
The danger threat'ning still our hurt,
But quite another, when,
Jack Mainstay rises to entreat,
We place him in the master's seat,
And make him first of men!

No! no! good Tom!—There may be strife,
And storm,—for these still follow life;—
But for these mouths that feed,
Forever, off the public plate,—
They only fatten on the State,
Not help it at its need.

For us, good Tom, 'tis quite enough,
If still, eschewing all this stuff,—
When comes the time, we stand,
Where God first gave us breath, prepared
To do, as still our fathers dared,
For home and Fatherland!

POETRY.

Poetry is the offspring of rarest beauty, begot by imagination upon thought, and clad by taste and fancy, in the habiliments of grace.

INVESTMENTS.

It is, after all, the person who stakes the least, who loses most. In the affections, this is wholly true. He who risks nothing loses everything.

BLINDNESS OF MALICE.

But for that blindness which is inseparable from malice, what terrible powers of evil would it possess. Fortunately for the world, its venom, like that of the rattlesnake, when most poisonous, clouds the eye of the reptile, and defeats its aim.

PERFORMANCE.

The honest, earnest determination to perform, almost always suggests its own *modus operandi.*

CONQUEST.

The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil a while, endure a while, believe always, and never turn back.

PROGRESS.

If, in the progress of the years, we make,
Ourselves, fit progress, we make sacrifice
Even of the loved performance, and forsake
The well-planned purpose for some new device.
We burn the fruits of study to begin
Anew our edifice; and, day by day,
No sooner do we well fit progress win,
Than we fling down our tools and turn away.
It is a 'prenticeship we still pursue,
Not doing, but just learning how to do:—
Our progress lies in knowledge of our tools,
And a becoming liking for their use;
No doubt, if we obey the master's rules,
We shall be summoned to some future task,
Let us but learn, he cannot well refuse,
And this, if well we learn, 'tis quite enough to ask.

PERFECTION.

We do not insist upon perfectibility, but consider it best that the human heart should be thought capable of the highest policy; as sufficiently comprehensive in its plan, and still sufficiently firm in its purpose to become all that the good desire. The powers of the heart are more frequently underrated

than overrated; and which is worse, the course of education obtaining in general, is calculated rather to keep the mind what it has been hitherto, than what, with the daily increasing means of improvement, furnished by its own untiring exertions, it might readily, and with moderate diligence, become. The ages should build one above another, as *we* walk above the heads of *our* fathers.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

It is in the conviction of our own feebleness that we acquire our first and best impressions of the might and majesty of God. That we still defy the one and offend the other, is only a proof that we are even weaker than we ourselves believe.

FAITH AND PASSION.

It is much more easy to inspire a passion than a faith.—Were beauty but as solicitous of the one as of the other object, she need never fear that her myrtles will change to willows.

COMMON SENSE.

No doubt common sense is an excellent and serviceable quality—a good domestic article, which is

always useful, and which we cannot easily dispense with; but it is not everything, and there are occasions when *un*common sense becomes even more valuable and important. Common sense is the practical, every-day faculty, and that which is most associated with ordinary success in life. It is because of its success in ordinary life, that people so mistake it for a virtue. Perhaps, there are no people so really vain as those who possess this quality in a large degree; and that it should produce this weakness, is quite natural, when we recollect that the usual mode of determining mental excellence is by referring to success in the every-day concerns of busy life. Shrewdness in business, resulting in prosperity, makes common sense forget herself; and the man who has made a fortune in the cotton market, is not easily persuaded that he might not have been equally successful as a statesman and a philosopher.

LIFE.

The object of life is not life merely. Were this the case, the butcher and the baker might always claim to be the most proper persons in every community. It is not the future, for every state has its own conditions. It is not the present, for that would

make us improvident, like the brute, taking no care of the morrow. Nor yet is it the past, for no man looks behind him, walking forward. Life is a condition of equal preparation and performance. That it is a condition of preparation, proves the immortality of the soul. That it is a condition of performance, proves that the business of immortality is already begun. Our exultation in success is legitimate, because our present performances are in obedience to present laws. Our hope is the prescience of that yearning which looks naturally, with equal doubt, desire, and apprehension, to those future laws which are yet to operate upon us. Life is an ordeal, in which our powers of endurance, and our capacities of achievement, are to be tested, in order that our future rank may be determined. True religion, which regards it in this light, does not task us so exclusively to consider our possible future, as to make us heedless and indifferent to the positive present. The desire of martyrdom is mere insanity. It is the needful and just performance of present duties, and the humble adherence to present laws, which can alone fit us certainly and beneficially for the condition which is to come. What does the present life—the absolute day on which we are entered—re-

quire at our hands? Ascertain that, and do it, and all the rest is easy. The future is the unborn child of the present, whose mother was the past.

BLIND SEEKERS. APOLOGUE.

Look, wretched one, upon the stream that rolleth beside the dwelling of thy old age. See'st thou not within its waters the very stars which have shone upon thee in childhood?

The years have gone over thee, and thou hast grown gray with many changes—thou hast changed thy home, thy heart, thy friends—but see'st thou any change in the bright stars which look up to thee, even through the ever-changing surface of the rippling waters?

Thou dost not—they cannot alter, for they are the eyes which God has set upon thy path to watch thee. Alas! that thou shouldst have looked for them alone in the brooklet. Why hast thou not looked up for them in the heavens?

Had they not beauty? Gave they not a sufficient and sweet light for thy guidance in the strange and solemn hours? Why hast thou striven to fly from their glances? Why didst thou refuse their light? Their voices spoke to thee in songs—faint, sweet

echoes of the living music that streams ever from beneath the eternal footsteps. Ah! did no faint whisper of that music fall upon thy heart in its solitude?

Alas! for thee. Though thou hast lived apart from thy fellows, his spirit still hath been with thine —his spirit only. Thou, like him, seekest not the object which thy own mood may not shape at will. Thou lovest not to look upon the things over which the arm of thy power may not be extended. Thou lovest the dark and the forbidden—not the shining and the vouchsafed. Thy thought is shrouded in the darkness of thy own soul—so that thou seest not the blessed spirits which are commissioned to give thee light. Thou lookest upon vain hopes of earthly substance, even at the awful moment when God is looking upon thee.

Thine eyes are in the dark—thine eyes of the dust. These still seek and turn in lowly contemplation upon the thing from which they were made. But the eyes of thy soul grew blinded in this survey. Alas! for the myriad eyes that gaze downward in sweet benignity from heaven—how few look up in return.

The proud man builds his palace, tower upon

tower, huge of bulk and high, still aspiring to the skies; but his gaze from its terrace is bent upon the city that lies below him. It is the shepherd, who, along the hills, still singing a glad song of heavenly rejoicing, evermore turns upward a yearning eye —fond—looking for the sweet planet, that shall counsel his doubtful footsteps.

ENEMIES.

Could our enemies only know how much we have forborne towards them, how would their hatred be penetrated by remorse!

CONTEMPLATION.

The contemplative mood somewhat depends, for its exercise, upon the exhaustion of the passionate; and constitutes a sort of moral interregnum—a twilight condition of the mind—which fills up the interval between the performances of one day and another. It is in this twilight period that the thought prepares itself for the wrestle of the arena —that the plan of the campaign is conceived, and all the scheme digested of the next day's action.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude makes a contemplative mind—society an

active one. The two conditions, properly alternated, freshen one another. Solitude affords the proper time for preparation—society for performance. In the one, we gaze upon the players; in the other, we enter the ring ourselves. The former teaches us by the mistakes of others, and the latter by our own.

THE TRUE AMBITION.

Always the highest, and thy aim the white!
Yet with a modesty that still prepares,
Girded with diligence to seek the fight,
And conscious of its trials, not its fears!
There is no policy in small desire,
If that thy aim be conquest,—for we still
Fall something short of all we hope and will!
Who seeks for *much*, must ever aim at *more*,
As birds that haunt the mountain, dart still higher:
And still be this the lesson in thy lore,—
The ambitious heart all *middle* flight must shun,—
Must, like the eagle, in superior skies,
Stretching his giant pinions for the sun,
Bathe in the blaze that blinds all other eyes!

STRUGGLE.

But man is no more made for solitude than sleep.

The repose of the passions must not imply their stagnation. They must rouse themselves at last and go forth, though it be only to bear a burden and be baffled by defeat. Successful or baffled, still the same—their duty is in the struggle. The struggle itself, is the life.

SOCIETY.

No doubt solitude is wholesome, but so is abstinence after a surfeit. The true life of man is in society. Give him his desire—place him in the remotest empires of the sea and forest—and his thoughts will still wander away to the crowd. He will hear in his dreams, as he crouches by the seashore, or in the thick wilderness of woods, at night, the sweet bells of the distant city. Yes, solitude is wholesome, very wholesome,—when we need a respite.

SOCIETY FOR THE MIND.

Society is even more essential to our intellect than to our humanity. Our affections do not rust so quickly as our minds. It is easier to pervert than to subdue them, while the latter is always pleased to be beguiled into forgetfulness and sleep.

ATTRITION.

The attrition of rival minds is the great secret of successful intellect. The genius may be born in the woods, but it never takes root there. The tree that has sprung up in the shade, will blossom and bring forth fruit in the sunshine only.

VOLUNTARIES.

The mind has its own motions, apart from any will that we bring to exercise upon it. These mental voluntaries might be virtues, were they not quite as far beyond our prediction as premeditation. The worst dreams, says the Indian sage, are those which occur when the eyes are open; the noblest actions when the eyes are shut. Did we always carry out into action our waking thoughts—nay, could we see them sometimes enacted in our dreams—what dread and horror would they inspire. How many of our best deeds spring from our eager impulse—the mind not being suffered to shape the will, and working only in obedience to the blood. It is but a human charity that we should ascribe the frequent faults and grievous errors of our neighbor to the influence of some such blind and undirected agency.

EXTERNALS.

The exhibition of national splendor, or of private opulence, is seldom a sure proof of national prosperity. The bankrupt makes his most extrordinary displays of profligacy, just before his open failure; and there is no moral filth more shocking than that which imperial trappings are employed to conceal. Remarking to a pupil the various transactions which had taken place within a short period, in and about Athens, during the splendid career of Pericles, one of the Greek sages contrasted its condition unfavorably with that of the period when it was mostly wanting in its present magnificence. He deplored the luxuries which had sprung up around him, superseding the humble desires and the moderate ambitions of a virtuous simplicity among the people. Mere beauty of externals could not reconcile him to the rottenness which lay below; and he predicted those destinies which were inevitable from the indulgence which never suffered its means to regulate the extent of its desires. It is only the few, in any country, who can honestly make an exhibition of wealth, or can virtuously repose in that indolence which even wealth cannot justify. Any struggle,

therefore, on the part of the great body of the community, after the shows and pomps which belong to riches, must be neither more nor less than a contest in fraud for the honors of bankruptcy. The philosopher would always prefer to see a country thickly scattered over with smiling and cultivated farms, even though, at the same time, the treasury of state or city remained empty,—since a people prosperous by means of labor can always meet the emergency, whatever form it may take, by which state or city is endangered. It is not so certain that state or city can help a dissolute people, who have yet to learn the first rudiments of industry. The noblest edifices in every country, are true hearts and strong hands, souls not debased by indigence, nor enervated by luxury. These will most certainly be found in every nation, where the government neither subjects them for its creatures, nor affords them an unwholesome example by its pomps —a people who will always have a filial love for the soil they cultivate, and for the government, which, protecting them from others, does not itself seek to oppress them! "I would rather," said the sage, "see the national treasury for ever without a penny, than know that any worthy citizen stood hopelessly in need of one."

MEMORY.

Ah! do not grieve that we forget!
Far happier, since, when all is known,
Memory is but a long regret,
That only tells us we are lone;
A mournful watcher, day by day,
And hour by hour, that teaches woe;
Unknown, till Hope has soared away—
Unloved, till Love himself is low!

PUNISHMENTS.

To make punishments efficacious, two things are necessary. They must never be disproportioned to the offence and they must be certain. If the penalties of crime be exaggerated beyond what the offence requires, no jury will inflict them—if not certain, no offender will fear them. There is in every bosom a natural sentiment of justice, which makes us recoil at severity and the arbitrary decisions of power. Humanity, therefore, refuses to second laws which are not grounded according to the strictest requisitions of right; and, however deserving of punishment may be the offence, where the proper discrimination between crimes has not been observed by the law-maker, the moral sense is perfectly justi-

fied in permitting the escape of the offender, in preference to subjecting a fellow-creature to undeserved severities. The penalty of death, under any circumstances, and for any crime, is one of doubtful propriety and equally doubtful profit; but how odious and terrible does it appear when inflicted equally upon the cut-purse and the murderer. In some of our States, horse-stealing, burglary, and forgery are punished with death. What worse could be inflicted on the highest offender? What is this but declaring the life of a man to be of no more value than a bank note, a wind-broken hackney, or a silver spoon, valued at three shillings? The natural sense and the social sense equally revolt at penalties so obviously hostile to humanity and the laws of common sense.

DISTINCTION.

Distinction is an eminence which is attained but too frequently at the expense of a fireside.

PENALTY.

Some one must always pay the piper. The jest, however shallow, is never without its forfeit. Wit and humor are servants which it costs much more to

work than to *feed;* and the more prompt and spirited their service, the more dangerous to him whose livery they wear.

DAY LIFE.

We should live well by day, if for no other reason than that we should not have bad dreams at night.

THE MORAL OF A BLOT.

All things, small and large alike, possess their moral, and no such moral is insignificant. Writing a note this morning, in my haste, I threw a monstrous *gout* of ink, upon the fair sheet of vellum. Instead of writing a note, I wrote an epigram—the moral of a blot:—thus—

The hasty hand, the reckless mood,
Will thus deform the fairest spot;
The error of the heart or blood,
Still leave, where'er it works, a blot;
How more secure the prudent care,
That calmly measures well its pace!
Thus still the prospect, ever fair,
Is marked by love, and glows with grace.

MODERATION IN PROGRESS.

Wax fat if you can, but beware how you kick like Jeshurun. Increase of wealth requires a more

than corresponding increase of wisdom. We are mortal in due degree with the extent of surface which we expose to the archer. A vast territory implies a corresponding difficulty of defence. Our mail should expand with our bulk. He is never so much in danger as he who feels himself entirely safe; never so liable to overthrow as when he has reached the utmost heights of human elevation. Prosperity is the close neighbor of humility, which is never friendly to the vastness which covers its lowliness with shade. It must never be forgotten that the greatness which compels the respect of inferiority, provokes its evil passions also; and the humbleness which envies, is near akin to the hostility which never foregoes an opportunity to destroy. We should never forget, in our power and prosperity, that no sunshine can ward off slander; no wealth protect against fire; no luxury secure health; no authority bring repose. That we should acquire power, is perhaps a duty; but to resign ourselves to its loss and prepare against it, is something more—it is a virtue.

SLEEP.

The Genius of Sleep, is an exquisite statue, the

work of Canova. It has drawn from the Italian poet, Missirini, a beautiful sonnet, which I have taken some liberties with in the translation.

Ah! see, where purer than the Alpine snows,
Born of the chisel of creative art,
The angel beauties of the creature start
To being, couched in delicate repose!
A peace celestial wraps his flowing hair,
As if consenting heaven and nature there,
Had wrought together on the form divine,
To bless the sculptor, in his dreams of grace!—
Such, and so fair, was Adam, when he first
Sat in the lap of innocence—so pure,
The joy that on his countenance lay sure;—
So full of love the smile upon his face
When, from his shadowing side, fair Eva burst,
And her first accents told him—"I am thine!"

ENEMIES OF DISCOVERY.

It is probable that all the new discoveries of an age, or people, are conceived and made, nearly at the same moment, by many minds who have approached them by similar processes. Truths, *which God has accorded gradually always*, and in due degree with the increased capacity of a race for their inception, are apt to be sown broadcast upon the earth. They are quite too precious to be risked

in single hands. Thus, failing to take root, and spring up, in one region, they are yet secure of growth and tendence in other quarters, more thoroughly prepared to receive them, and, as is more likely to be the case, more willing to give them the needful care and cultivation. One community might, just as well as another, produce the new truth;—since, with the same race, there are, in all its tribes, numbers of God-appointed men, for the purpose of developing it; but the community only too often refuses to hearken to its own prophet, and denies him the privilege of sowing the very seed of whose fruits they are to reap. It is difficult to conceive the vast discoveries which communities have lost, simply from a base and blind jealousy of their own sons.

ART TRIBUTARY TO GENIUS.

How often is it that the man of genius, as he improves in art, subjects his creative attributes to its trammels. How much of his vigor will he refine away, in obedience to laws which, good enough in their way, and necessary to a certain extent, are yet adverse to the due development of the imagination, when it fairly clothes itself in wings.

It is highly important to refine, but it is fatal to the higher works of Genius to refuse to give way to thought in obedience to Art. To arrest the flight of the eagle to the eminence, when the first impetus to flight is fully given, is to make him settle down like a common bustard, on the tottering summits of an ant-hill.

CONDITIONS OF LIBERTY.

The condition and the secret of liberty are perpetual vigilance. But perpetual vigilance is scarcely within the capacity of man. His smaller, and seemingly, his more *immediate* interests, are always pressing those out of sight, which, involving principles of general character, are apt to appear shadowy and abstract. Keeping this danger and difficulty in mind, it should not be a subject of regret that power is always wont, at frequent periods, to forget its limitations, and trespass upon the possessions it was set to guard. Such assaults, at such periods, become benefits, and recall men to first principles. They convert the abstract into a practical question, and arouse the people to the just appreciation of the relations between themselves and their rulers. This leads to the strengthening of ancient bulwarks,

and the designation anew of the landmarks of liberty. Power, when it becomes tyranny, is about to commit suicide. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* This is no mischance. The evil is about to work its own cure. There is necessary, in all society, a period of purification: men, from sloth, ignorance, or an overtamed confidence in their fortune or their institutions, slumber over their rights and duties. They are the last to believe in the danger as threatening them, which they very clearly behold operating against the peace of other nations; and the conduct of their affairs naturally passes into the hands of those who are equally vicious, weak, and irresponsible. The tyrant, then, is but an instrument in the hands of that Providence which still

> "Shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will."

He becomes necessary to waken them from their slumbers, lest worse should happen; for habitual apathy in a people, is worse, a thousand times, than revolution and civil war. It is only thus that they rouse themselves to all the obligations of civil liberty. If liberty be liberal, she must be jealous

also. To preserve her chastity, she must be armed with perpetual vigilance, a far more efficient agent than the secret dagger. Those who seek her embraces must be taught to remember that she is only to be won by the virtuous, the enlightened, and the brave—only to be kept in always immaculate possession, by unceasing love, true courage, and a weapon always ready and sharpened for the strife.

CUNNING OF BEAUTY.

The sarcasm, in the following epigram from the Portuguese, is surely not a very malignant one.

> "Within her breast, more white than snows,
> Fair Amaryllis plants the rose;
> Not that the flower should fix your eyes,
> But the sweet garden where it lies."

BIRTH OF TRUTH.

The conception of a new truth, or a new philosophy, must, for a long time, precede its illustration by open argument. Men, in fact, will *feel* a truth, or a principle, long before they reduce it to speculation; and will gradually grow to *think* upon it, long before they develope their discoveries by discussion. The earth will thus, as it were, be prepared

for the plant before the seed is sown. A sentiment will thus diffuse itself among a race, before their metaphysicians shall have suspected its existence, or recognised its presence; and such a sentiment, thus acquired and unconsciously possessed, will afford, by the very peculiar nature of its birth and quiet diffusion, an *à priori* in behalf of its vitality. It will not be the ingenious theory or conjecture of a single mind, but the mute instinct of a multitude.

TRUE AND FALSE.

The *True* is the inevitable—for ever a *be-coming*—i. e. a thing being to be. It is therefore the indestructible. That you may not see, or believe it when seen, only proves that you do not yet know where, or how, to look for your own securities. The *False*, on the other hand, is a thing perfect from the first. Thus it is, that, with every facility for the exercise of its power, it tends evermore to self-destruction. The False is never long-lived. It dies out with every generation. In the nature of things, its danger is in due proportion to its activity; and this is the remarkable respect in which it differs most from Truth, which grows from exercise, and finds its bulk, and its force, from its very

diffusiveness. Error is never more safe than when it is stationary—Truth never more triumphant than when she struggles with her adversary.

PATRIOTISM OF TRUTH.

There is the patriotism of truth, a subject which seems inseparable from any consideration of its intrinsic qualities. Moralists are not yet determined whether instances may not occur in which falsehood may not only be permitted, but would be justifiable. Perhaps, if our survey in the moral world were bounded only by the present hour and the pressing necessity, the proposition might be answered in the affirmative. But moral things, unlike all others, endure for all ages—extend through all nations—affect the destinies of all times, and form the most imposing interests of eternity. We cannot, therefore, reason on such a subject with a simple reference to the present case and the passing moment. The truth concerns our children as well as ourselves. The truth belongs to our people as well as to our family. It is essential to man throughout—it is the great essential of the human race, and on its immortality depends their own—their greatness, happiness, and glory. A falsehood is likely to do

harm ultimately, in some way or other, and with greater or less degree of hurt. It is an experiment in poisoning, and it is doubtful whether our fingers, having once dealt in it, will ever become free from the taint. Falsehood, by itself, might be of little danger; but it is never by itself. It runs and reproduces itself the moment it is born. But its attitude of greatest evil is as the direct antagonist of truth. It is an active principle, as subtle as light, which is its opposite. A fanciful allegory of one of the Orientals, very happily describes every new truth as immediately marshalling itself among the children of light, in the ranks of God; while every falsehood, in like manner, and by a like instinct, ranges itself instantly under the sable standard of Lucifer. They become, each in its place, spirits of power; and traverse the world, in behalf of their respective commanders, engaging in frequent conflict when they meet; and making an eternal battle-field of that province of civil discord, the poor, benighted, scourged, and ravaged heart of man! The idea seems to me quite as felicitous as fanciful. The question is asked, "May we not, in the last hope of struggling humanity, resort to falsehood, where this is obviously the only mode left of escape from

unjust torture, punishment, and death?" The example of the apostles might be relied on here. They have answered the question. Christ, in anticipation, rebuked the feebleness of Peter, who, shrinking from human penalties, denied equally the truth and his Master. But the case supposed is one in which, though you yourself escape, the falsehood may do harm; and the truth, though you perish, must ultimately be productive of good. Your martyrdom, alone, would most probably overthrow the tyranny, by arousing the people, whom no less matter could inspirit into activity, and to a just sense of the general danger. Such was the martyrdom of the Saviour and the Saints; and, for a like object, the safety and circulation of the truth, for the preservation of the many. I grant that martyrdom is not very desirable under any circumstances; and that it is not the ordinary mind which will be willing to encounter it in any behalf. But, there are men, fortunately for mankind, to whom the truth itself brings consolation enough; and whom glorious memories in after times, and a perpetually musing gratitude, keep holy through long ages, and thus reward for their sufferings under the scourge and upon the rack. The pang of death

is only an instant in duration, but the life which follows in consequence is eternal, and as glorious as eternal.

What would have been, what would be the case, if there were not, and had not been, such men? Where would be our glory, our strength, our security, happiness, and intellectual freedom, but for those daring and enduring martyrs, who, with a spirit setting at defiance every weakness of the flesh, have gone fearlessly into the gloomy dens of ancient error, denouncing the superstition, overthrowing the idol, and setting up the true God, which is truth? All innovation upon established customs is invariably and sturdily resisted, and men are known to fight for their prejudices who would never fight for their country. The teacher of the hitherto unknown truth, in all past times, has been stoned to death by the serviles of ancient error. In this way perished the long array of the "just made perfect," the saint, the sage, the philosopher, and the patriot—of all who have ever shown an honest determination to seek out and elevate the truth, in the teeth of unholy prejudice and unwise passion! Our condition would be lamentable indeed, if there were not some few consecrated spirits in every nation, and through

all periods, who, scorning the policy of the worldling (which, for the uncertain safety of the moment, would barter the glorious guarantee of permanent assurance), can appreciate and assert the true nature and just rights of his race, without reference to the penalty or the reward! There will be truth-loving men to the last, whatever the bondage, however ruthless the pursuing enemy, who, looking beyond their own day and destiny, from the moral Pisgah, will direct their people to the distant Promise. Who, sustained and stimulated by higher and holier considerations than the love of gain or aggrandizement, or the yet meaner desire of safety and obscurity, will challenge the tyrant of error and abusive custom openly in the highways; and, like the Peasant Tell, amidst the spears of his enemies, refuse, though they stand alone, to bow down, in derogation of the truth, before the cap of usurpation!

BLESSED IN DENIAL.

I think the Spaniards have shown themselves quite as successful with the epigram as any other modern people. The following, imitated from that language, is doubly pointed. It is in fact two epigrams in one. The reader will excuse a slight grammatical error,

which, for the rhyme's sake, it was scarcely possible to avoid. "Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

To seek his wife, with little profit,
The Thracian Orpheus went to Tophet;
A realm of such a sad condition,
He could not seek on sadder mission:
Disposed to punish quest so human,
Grim Pluto gave him up the woman;
Yet, as the Bard's song overcome him,
Grew softened, and back took her from him.

SUCCOR.

Would you have succor, do not cry for assistance, so long as it is possible that your straits may be seen by those who might bestow it. Better that they should *volunteer* their service, than that you should appeal to their philanthropy. In the former case, their consciousness of a generous act will sufficiently reward them; in the latter, you may expect that they will frequently remind you of their succor. Not to seem to want help, is greatly to insure your chance of getting it. In money matters, this is particularly the case. People are never more lavish in their proffers of aid than when they feel satisfied that they shall not be taken at the word.

GHOST-SEEING.

The moment that Philosophy conceived the idea of a plurality of worlds, from that moment the faith seems pretty much to have died out in spiritual visitations. The discovery of new realms and regions for which occupants were yet to be furnished, seems naturally to have suggested a whereabouts for the habitation of the departed. That they should no longer revisit the "glimpses of *our* moon," is to be accounted for by the adequate employment which they find in their own. The conjecture is, at all events, quite as agreeable to us, as it ought to be satisfactory to them. The idea of poor, thin, naked ghosts prowling about their old homesteads at midnight, is quite distressing to us—but wholly on their account.

WASHINGTON.

And the Genius of Death, with his brow bound about with the gloomy hemlock, and bearing in his hands a living but leafless cypress, stood beside the couch where Washington lay:

"I will quench this light," said the Genius—"I will overcome this lofty spirit, which, forgetting me, mankind delights to honor."

"Thou quench this light!—thou overcome this spirit!"—replied the Genius of Eternal Fame, standing also beside the couch of the sleeping father—"Oh, fool that thou art!—he hath given thee immortality in dying at thy hands."

STATESMANSHIP.

To the sight of ordinary men, there is, at this moment, scarcely anything desirable in the position of ministers either in Europe or America. There seems to be everywhere at hand, a general breaking up of the waters. All the political elements are in commotion, and moderate-minded men may well be modest. Timidity naturally shrinks from trials beyond its strength; but it is the occasion and the necessity, which are the true *accoucheurs* of genius. It is only in the storm that the mighty spirit is roused to exertion; who, when the sky was untroubled and serene, seemed to enjoy its repose beyond all others, and betrayed almost as little consciousness of life as of ambition. The necessity breeds the power by which it is to be controlled; and the external pressure alone informs society of the energies which it keeps, as it forces into action the sluggish spirit which never suspected its own strength.

Holiday statesmen, like holiday soldiers — fierce people on parade—are seldom the performing persons in the day of battle. On such occasions, if they do not wholly keep out of sight, they very soon convict themselves of incompetence or imbecility, and are summarily dismissed, by shot or scorn, to their more appropriate places. Mediocrity seems to be the great misfortune of present statesmanship. It is doubtful where to find the leading mind equal to the occasion, as it now threatens, equally, perhaps, in Great Britain, America, and France. As the storm advances, and the danger presses, the penalty will have to be paid by each of these nations for the feeble conduct into which they have suffered themselves to fall. But this very penalty, terribly enforced, betrays the careful concern of Providence. But for the chastening we should not have the care, and the penalty must precede the forgiveness. *The true man* will succeed the imbecile—the king-man, born for rule—and the storm will cease at the simple waving of his hand. The good ship, with a good pilot at the helm, will reach her harborage. A sick nation, like a sick man, must be physicked, let blood, perhaps, and will suffer from nausea, exhaustion and other evil concomitants, before it entirely recovers.

But, in all probability, it will recover. The greatest misfortune, then, and the one that it will remember longest, is the heavy bill of expenses which is to follow.

PRIVILEGES OF BEES ENVIED.

The fancy, in the following epigram from the Spanish, seems to me very prettily conceived. I do not know how far my version will commend it to other fancies.

Once when Olivia, in her mouth
A lovely flower had placed, there came—
Seeking his beauties of the South—
A bee that stung the lips to flame,
Confounding, as he well might do,
Their roses with the flow'ret's hue.
—Ah! had my lips instead of his,
Been suffered there awhile to hang,
Mine not alone had felt the bliss,
Nor thine, alone, the parting pang.

So it appears to me, is the following, which is from the Spanish also:

"Teresa's eyes, so brilliant are and black,
That your own fail you at the first attack."
"Black should they be," a suffering victim spoke,
"If but in mourning for the hearts they've broke."

PURPOSE.

To be infirm of purpose, is to be evil of purpose. A strong will, if not absolutely virtue itself, is yet absolutely necessary to all the virtues. He who does not resolve well, will perform ill. Weakness of resolve is mostly wickedness. Indecision of character is laxity of principle. It leaves the mind at the mercy of the passions; and impulse, which is seldom found associated with a rigid will, is quite as unsteady in principle as in performance. Such a character works precipitately and rashly, with the purpose of concealing the deficiency of which he is himself conscious. He thus frequently precipitates himself in action, which he dare not subject to argument. He may tremble at the danger which impends, but he dreads still more lest you should suspect the true nature of his fears.

TO FORTUNE.

Sylla wisely deferred to Fortune, modestly disclaiming all merit in himself, and claiming to have succeeded only by the succor of the Goddess of Caprice. In buying a lottery ticket, I flattered myself that the adoption of Sylla's moral, would conduct me to success also. It may be that the

plea which I put in was not sufficiently humble as a petition;—it may be that I somewhat lacked faith in my own prayers. At all events, I got nothing for my pains, but the twenty-five dollars which a magazine publisher paid me for my ode.

ODE TO FORTUNE ON BUYING A LOTTERY TICKET.

I.

Coy damsel!—as they call thee—if in truth,
And if no damsel, prithee, let us know,
How we may style thee—whether age or youth
With snows or roses decorates your brow;
I would be proper in approach—good sooth,
Is there not reason for my neatest bow?—
Ten thousand dollars!—To a Bard that's poor
Ten thousand Muses could not offer more.

II.

More!—but we will not mock thee to compare
The gifts of Helicon and song with thine;—
Muses are well enough—choice maids, most rare,—
And, when consenting, every inch divine;
But thou hast gifts and beauties—thou art fair
In very different fashion from the Nine,

Ask John J. Astor, Girard, and the rest,*
They d—n the latter, but declare thee blest!

III.

And rightly! Thou hast blessed them. In thy face,
They saw the proper goddess, and were down,
Early and late, in every market place,
Flat on their marrow bones, before the town;
They knew the way to work into thy grace,
Secure thy favor and escape thy frown;
Though other dames reproached and damsels muttered,
They stuck to her by whom their bread was buttered.

IV.

Wise fellows in their season! Witness thou,
Potential Gotham!—in thy halls of trade;
And thou, fair Quaker, that by Schuylkill now,
Sitt'st mourning—though in best of silks arrayed;
Have ye not temples, that with lordly brow,
Loom o'er your walls, and from afar persuade,

* The millionaires, par excellence, of Philadelphia and New York.

Equally well, as if upon each crest,
Were written,—"*Hither come and inwardly digest.*"*

v.

I've got by heart the moral of this lesson,
And know the goddess now should have my prayer:—
Thee, Fortune,—thee I seek,—and with best dress on,
Before thy golden altars I appear;
No muses now for me—no more I press on,
Their garden height of Helicon—my care,
Is for one mistress only;—this dividing
One's love 'mongst *nine's* a bad way of providing.

VI.

Long have I sung *their* beauties—until now,
Sung vainly, and deplore my wasted themes;†
Henceforth, for thee alone, I scratch my brow,
Provoke my fancies and prepare my dreams;

* A motto certainly equally appropriate to college and chop-house.

† Query; *Reams?—Printer's Devil.*

Oh! thine are charms to bid one's numbers flow,
Restore one's credit in this world of schemes,
Enable him all doubtful paths to shun,
And fill with new-born faith both creditor and dun.

VII.

I am your humble servant! Scarce acquainted,
I am your friend,—nor wonder that 'tis so;
By friend and foe alike, so brightly painted,
In Astor's palace seen, and Girard's Row,
I could not rest until I was presented
And for this pleasant introduction to,—
Your premises—I'm still without the gate—
I've paid five dollars, money of this state.*

VIII.

Against this bargain nothing I inveigh,
I will not say that it had been as well,
And far more liberal to demand no pay
From one whose desk was never known to swell
With aught but tale, and song, and antique lay—
Commodities too highly priced to sell!

* Which state? The question is in repudiation times, an important one.

I do not grudge the money—but my loathing
Will follow, if my venture comes to nothing.

IX.

Better than this to have me at thy feet,
Full of thy favor, joyous in thy care,
And with a song—declaring of the sweet,
Thee sweetest still, and fairest of the fair;
Than bitterness of angry Bard to greet,
Denounced, as thou hast been, for many a year,
Blindest of powers that be, for aye bestowing,
Thy bounties on the biggest booby going.

X.

From this would I redeem thee.—I would sing
Thy judgment—that discriminating sense,
Beyond bamboozlement of human thing,
Most worthily dispensing of thy pence;
Sending thy couriers forth on tireless wing,
Searching out merit, worth, and excellence,
Seeking, as the recipients of thy pelf,
All clever good, young persons—like myself.

XI.

I'll be your laureate—each returning year,
Meet your approach with birth-day ode and lay,

And celebrate your beauties in the *clear*,
And entertain your bounties in the *clay* ;—
Tell of your youth beside—your face how fair,
For ever bright with eye of golden ray—
Your various parts of excellence rehearse,
Your various gifts of person and—of purse.

XII.

All this, for such a very paltry sum—
Ten thousand dollars !—By my soul, I fear
Lest scorn of such a trifle keep you dumb :
Too low the homage, will the Goddess hear ?—
Then make it twenty—thirty—let them come—
The English Cross, the Mexic cavalier,
I'll meet a host of such, whate'er their color
Or stamp—the Spanish onze, or coarse white homely
dollar.

XIII.

Ha ! Ha ! the happy renegades—I see 'em,
In my mind's eye ; in gold and silver trim ;
The doubloon bright—the lordly Joe—survey 'em
Brave eagle, with an aspect awful grim ;
And what are these, with "promises to pay"—
Hem !
In squads of five and ten, with colors dim—

Bank notes, indeed, methinks I'll make the most of
'em,
At least, you'll find I'm equal to a host of 'em.

XIV.

Oh, lady—Queen of mine—how bright this vision,
Do thou confirm it all. My calculation,
Based on thy wisdom, and this dream Elysian,
Has made me face a mountain of vexation—
I spoke my creditors with calm decision,
"Meet me to-morrow at a cold collation"—
And cold enough 'twill be for them and me too,
Unless 'twill please *you* the cold meats to see to.

XV.

A jail's a hateful thing—its architecture
Is in a style I never could abide;
A tailor's bill's a thing beyond conjecture,
Beyond all measure long, all breeches wide;
And for the sheriff—let him once detect your
Uncertain standing, he is at your side—
A certain hold, until he finds you lodging
In some dark quarter, beyond debt or dodging.

XVI.

No more of this—this prospect's none of ours—
Fair Queen of Fortune, unto you I fly—

Methinks this ticket leads me to your bowers,
These mystic numbers—do I hear them sigh
The "*open sesame?*"—are such their powers,
To force the vault—the want to satisfy,
Silence the dun—provide the fond desire?—
Else fate confound ye, Yates and McIntire.*

WILL.

But there must be a strong will wherever a reform is to be effected. All virtue, to have any real value, to be made available to any useful purpose, must be coupled with a large degree of courage. Our hope is in this fact, as it suggests a distinct argument to the pride of the people required to perform. We must be bold and resolute, even to attempt what we think necessary. But the most essential courage, in all reforms of a moral nature, is, first, to make just confession of our own deficiencies. Could we always have the daring to admit that we only are what each one knows himself to be! This, and no more, as the times go, calls for a more than ordinary degree of hardihood. Few of us are willing to admit that our neighbors can excel us in any re-

* Famous lottery dealers.

spect. How seldom do we hear the confession that one cannot afford to do what is done by others. Who confesses his inability to do this, and to buy that?—to achieve this conquest, or enjoy that luxury? This miserable cowardice, the progeny of vanity wholly, runs through the entire circle of society. The miserable trinkets which decorate our persons;—our riotous and lavish modes of living;—the constant changes of dress and furniture;—the costliness of the material employed for both;—these, with a thousand other heads of expenditure, have become almost universal sins among us. The conceited husband operates upon the money market, and fancies that, by a judicious nod of the head, or bend of the finger, which he alone knows how to make at the right season, he has possessed himself of Aladdin's treasure. That butterfly being, his wife, would persuade the world, by her gold and purple exhibitions, that all his fancies are facts. The son rates himself, under the same happy system, as a millionaire, and spends like one; and the daughter, if the boarding schools have not already done all the mischief, soon proves that the task is one which society cannot find it difficult to perform. And what, for a season, at least, shall possibly set

a limit to the money follies, and the world follies, and the head and heart follies of all these foolish people? Nothing but that blight, as inevitable as the frost to the flower at the usual season, which bites the precocious mushroom to the root, and consigns it to a poverty for which no preparation has been made. The whole life of such people is a lie, and must continue a hopeless lie, until they gain sufficient moral courage to act the truth boldly, and to appear only in habits of the truth. But, most of these evils, evils of the meanest vanity, arise from exaggerations of trade; the illusions of which, like those of Oriental fable, beguile and bewilder, until all the standards of comparison are utterly lost; and the poor dreamer, like some painted vessel, with flags flying, and all sails spread, rushes on, unconscious, careering, proud, headlong into the dismal Maelstrom, which is a real vortex, to be found in every human sea.

INSTINCTS OF MEN.

One of the great but secret causes of human failure and perversion, is the reluctance of men to recognise their instincts. The pride of intellect is not willing to refer to any other authority than

reason, and we begin the work of self-sophistication on the very threshold of existence. Of the simplest objects we contrive to fashion mysteries—of the simplest arts, sciences—and the very things of which nature would seem to require of us the immediate personal performance, we strangely enough defer to a foreign authority. What more completely our own providence than our own feelings and health, our own rights and interests, our own spiritual nature and religion? Yet all these concerns, which can be attended to by nobody half so properly as by ourselves, we studiously put out of our own control. Hence, our lawyer can give us the most complicated and admirable system of laws, but no justice; our doctor, the most variously compounded medicines, but no cure; our priest, every variety of doctrine, but no religion—certainly no safety. But, even the farmer, sophisticating like the rest, in his ambition to make a science of his art, too frequently fails in making a crop. Yet, it is very certain that nothing in the world is so easy of attainment as food, health, justice, and religion, if we will only, with common honesty and diligence, take the matter into our own hands. The things most esssential to all, not only to the health and happiness, but to the

absolute safety of man, were never intended by the Deity to be withdrawn from his own immediate control; and man will never know safety in any of his interests until he resumes all the privileges he has blindly parted with. It seems to be clear, that among his personal duties are these: he must earn his own bread—learn his own bodily condition—what is its meat and what is its poison—farm his own lands, and carry on his own intercourse with heaven, to the employment of as few intermediate agents as possible. Individuality, and hence, individual responsibility, is the grand feature which distinguishes man from every other animal.

SAXON EPIGRAMS.

The Saxon muse is not endowed with a playful wit. Her most merry moods have a spice of earnestness, that is very like ferocity. English wit does not skim over the surface. It does not merely dip its wing like the osprey. It dives deep. It strikes hard. Its play is most generally horse-play. It does not love mere witticisms. It not only breaks the skin, but leaves salt behind it in the wound. The place smarts long after the stroke is given. In this respect it seems to differ largely from the humor

of the Continent, which merely ruffles the surface of one's good nature, and passes off with a wing as light and sportive as the butterfly. The leaven of Puritanism—a stern keenness—an acrid resentment —seems to distinguish most English and American epigrams. Here follows a batch, marked clearly, if not absolutely engendered, by this spirit. It is a spirit of sarcasm and satire rather than of wit and humor; though it has more point than belongs to the epigram of the classics. The first following, seems to me to suggest a terrible picture of a heartless, malignant man.

TOM'S ASSOCIATES.

Tom's choice, in fellowship and friends—
Behold his levee's silent throngs;
Bad measures, meant for viler ends,
Foul thoughts and meditated wrongs:
All passions bow, all base desires,
And prejudices, monster-grown,
Crowd to the *salon* of his sires,
Yet Tom is in his house, alone!

Here follows another of the same school and temper:

TOM'S CHARITY.

Tom's charity,—of most enormous size,
Is unrestrained by common laws of pelf;
He pampers that all other men despise,
The vilest of all worthless things—himself!

"Poor Tom" gets it again, on the score of another of his virtues.

TOM'S OPINION.

Tom holds *me* quite unworthy of *his* thought,
But such a notion makes me nothing grim,
For, do you see, I all along have taught
That Tom's opinion's only worthy him.

If Tom is not perfectly satisfied with these demonstrations of the epigrammatist, here follows something evidently intended to give the *coup de grace*.

TOM'S SELF-ESTEEM.

Tom says, "on such as *me*, *he* still looks down,"—
I doubt not this, provided he can show,
That, in the moral pillory of the town,
The scoundrel may see anything below.

WOE. AN APOLOGUE.

A voice was heard crying from the wilderness, and it came, saying:—"My name is Woe! Fain

would I make my home among the rocks! There would I find fellowship—there, by the lonely, ever-sounding sea—in the deep tracts of the wasted desert! But a will beyond my own, sends me abroad among the habitations of men. I traverse the highways—I pass into the cities—I must still seek the dwellings of man—I must dog his footsteps."

And the people of the cities strove in terror when they heard the accents of that hollow-sounding voice. A deep fear fell upon all hearts. Some crossed the seas in flight, some fled up into the mountains where the gray bird, among the sharp bald cliffs, builds his eyrie, and fancies himself secure. Others again took shelter among the caves, where the adder hides and hisses. But the voice went with them into the caves, and upon the mountains, and it followed the fugitives upon the great highway of the seas.

And thus, once more, the voice was heard to complain:—"Sorrowful and sleepless is this toil! Fain would I return to the wilderness; fain would I rest me beside the ever-sounding shore—on the sharp crags of the black icy mountain—hearkening to mournful winds that traverse the gray desert without rest; I would dwell only in dark and silent

places! I am of the brood of the unlovely and the unloving! I seek the cloudy and the sad! Give me voices from the storm and from the starless night! These better suit me than the crowd and the laughing city!"

Then, another voice was heard, feebler and sadder than his own. It rose sudden beside him, even where he sat, crouching by a hearth where the fire had gone out in ashes, and there was no more heat. The voice was human like his own! and she who spoke rose;—a woman, gaunt and wretched:—and she crawled from beneath the gray folds of his mantle, where she had lain unseen; and she stood up before the shape, looking him boldly in his blank visage. These were her words:—"And wherefore shouldst thou yearn for the loneliness of the rocks and seas; the pathless desert, and the many-sounding shore! Thou hast brought hither a deeper loneliness. Thou hast made the city a likeness unto them. From sea, rock, and desert, the desolation all fled when thou didst take thy departure. The loneliness belongs only to thee. Wouldst thou fly from thyself! Thou canst not fly from me! Thou hast made me thine. Thou hast wedded me with a fearful sign; the earth bears proof of our

bridal! Henceforth thou art mine for ever. Thou hast left me none other than thee. Thou shalt never leave me more!"

And she crawled once more beneath the gray folds of his heavy mantle; and, in silence, with his iron staff, Woe stirred the dull ashes upon the hearth; and he no longer yearned for the loneliness of the sounding sea, the bald rock, and the pathless desert, for he felt that a greater loneliness was there!

VENERATION.

Shall we not give, of all the past has brought us,
A something to the future?
Your father left you a most noble statue,
The chiselled work of Phidias;
You have a son that one day will demand it—
'Twas left in trust to you.
'Twas not alone your wealth—it did belong
To all your grandsire's family.
He had a thought, when dying, that looked forward,
To countless heirs and ages—
No limit stopped the wish of the immortal,
His eye, from the dim summit,
Had glimpses of the vast eternity—
His foot was on its threshold.

Where are his noble lands, his fine old mansion,
The grounds, the garden—all,
He took such pains to cultivate and finish,—
Have passed away to strangers—
His children wander into foreign countries,
Their toils and deeds ignoble—
'Twas you that robbed them of their heritage,
The old familiar images,
That, in the flight of ages, grow to teachers,
And lift the soul that listens.
Exiled from home and fortune, they are exiles
From places that were holy,
Till they have none of the old religion left,
And fly the ancient temples.
Traitor to trusts, that hope and love had hallowed,
And age had made most sacred,—
Answer! the shadows of old time demand it,
And summon for the future—
Thou hast been false to both, hast lived for neither,
But to the selfish present hast devoted
The rights of time—go, profligate—make answer
To the eternity, and hear thy doom.
As thou hast lived but for thyself, go perish,
There is no need of thee,—
Nor God, nor man, nor time, eternity,
Neither have need of thee.

APOLOGUE OF GENIUS.

"Genius," said the Eastern magian, "was from the first an exile; was born afar from his parental home; his birthplace was within the tangled maze of an interminable forest; neglect and sorrow were his handmaids, and he nursed at the breast of denial. Though born with wings, he was yet without hands." The apologue is meant to exhibit the utter destitution of the child, who is at the same time inspired by an ambition which makes him forever restless, and impatient of restraint. Without hands, he is unequal to the task of providing for himself, in the struggles of his fellow-men. In a forest, without a guide, he is in perpetual bewilderment; and the sole object of his aim and endeavor, is the glory of that blue sphere which he discovers in the brief openings of the trees above him. His inspiration and his native home are alike imaged by his wings. The philosopher continues: "his sole endeavor is to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he is involved, and regain the dwelling for which his fate had designed him, and which smiles down so attractively upon him. Without hands, every branch and vine forms an insurmountable impediment, and all

in vain does his feet seek out a beaten pathway. The only means left him is to leap up into the sky, and thus attain the far prospect which his inward spirit prompts him to claim and consider his own. But the boughs are so intimately intertwined above, that all his efforts are fruitless, and he is always beaten back: after a short life of protracted struggles for his freedom and enlargement, he sinks down despondingly upon the earth which denied him a home, but willingly furnishes a grave." Then, "as the sage pursues his picture, comes autumn," whom he describes as "a gentle and melancholy matron, with a sadly sweet sorrow, who bending the branches closely above, and strewing the sere leaves over him, performs for him the offices which all other hands have withheld. In course of years, men, mortified by self-rebuke, gather about the frail shelter, and build one of stone in its place; but, methinks," continued the sage, "the flowers and leaves had been the more fitting memorial, since they tell of a bloom and beauty which were unrivalled; a shrinking spirit which the storms crushed; and of an odor which survives, and even hallows decay."

LEARN TO FORGET.

The following is a paraphrase, rather than a translation, from the Italian of Maffei. "Learn to forget" is the lesson it conveys,—an imperfect moral, perhaps, since it is scarcely possible that any experience is decreed us only to be discarded.

Why ever thus, O! beautiful but grieving,
Still silent in thy sorrow, drooping lone,
Even as that genius, Fate is still bereaving,
That broods, with hooded eyes, above the burial stone.

Ah! should the rose, by insect tribes forsaken,
Those gay, capricious libertines of flowers,—
Should she with grief, for such as these, o'ertaken,
Lose, in her tears, the hues, bright hues which make her powers.

Sweet, sad one! learn forgetfulness, and gladden,
In each new winglet Hope delights to bring;
To brood o'er cruel memories is to madden,
With snakes that round the heart still ever wind and sting.

Dear one, forget!—or think that the worst anguish,
Is still a blessing sent thee by our God:
Either oblivion's draught, and cease to languish,
Or meekly take thy cup, and lowly kiss thy rod.

REVERIE.

To think without a purpose is quite as bad as to

act without a purpose. Reverie is no doubt very pleasant, and has its uses, when indulged in after the day's work is over. But reverie, which takes the place of day's work, leaves the mind in a continual state of twilight. Men who thus indulge, are usually fidgetty and feeble; filled with notions instead of thoughts: chasing shadows instead of realities; with new theories every day; new wonders every dawning; abandoning their objects the moment they conceive them, and employing themselves in life with no more aim than the boy who chases butterflies, or the little girl, who fills her apron with shells, upon the beach, only to throw them away again.

NATURAL IDEA OF GOD.

Man has always found it more easy to conceive the idea of God than of a system. It is much more easy to suppose that some one made the world, than simply that the world was made. Our difficulty, which was small in conceiving the principle, increases wonderfully when we inquire into the processes.

VIGILANCE.

A FRAGMENT OF A DRAMA.

No more of this! So well thou playest honest,
That, but for painful past experience,
I still had trusted to thy soothing speech,
And been thy victim thrice. But, wronged before,
Mine is an instinct that, forgiving wrong,
Loses no jot of vigilance and watch,
When he, the fox, that robbed me of my bird,
Still prowls about my threshold. We are here,
All wakeful, while the watch-dog on the hearth,
With lifted nostril, ready for the scent,
Shows his white teeth, and growls at thy discourse.
His instinct, like mine own experience,
Wakes ever, with thy coming to our home.

USES OF WEALTH.

Wealth is only legitimate because of its uses. The legitimate uses of wealth depend clearly upon the capacity and the aims of the person who employs it. When you employ wealth in jewels, what passion is it that you gratify? It might be said

the love of the beautiful, if such decorations were usually employed in good taste. But the jewel to be beautiful need not trim the person. Used for this purpose, it is clearly the passion of vanity—the most inordinate and the most universal of human passions—that we gratify, and not the taste for the beautiful.

SOULS FOR TRIAL.

Our customary phrase, speaking of the Revolution, is to describe it as "the time that tried men's souls." Perhaps we should better describe it as the time when men's souls were to be tried—when there were souls—souls of might, and stern purpose, and unbending courage. All times are calculated to try men's souls. Life, itself, is a sort of moral revolution; full of transitions, strifes, exactions, trials: and we only remark periods in history by the presence of such superior souls as give character to events, and make the trials of times subservient to the moral purposes of man. If we look at the history of the United States, its moral rather than its political history, we shall see that the souls that were tried by the American Revolution were the unwonted growth of successive centuries. Such

souls do not spring up annually, into existence, under those regularly recurring laws upon which we build in the production of ordinary crops. They are the representatives of all that the human mind has been realizing, in the struggle and toils of long periods before—periods in which, from the general stagnation of moral purpose, there would seem to have been no souls at all. They seem to be the aggregation of the social strength, the social intellect, the wisdom and the resolution, which, scattered in small particles throughout a nation, are nothing, and produce nothing, until brought together for performance in the person of some one strong-minded individual. It was not until some four hundred years of Egyptian bondage, of brick-making without straw, that the wondrous great soul, which, in human language, we call Moses, came to the rescue of the Hebrews. He was the genius of the nation. He collected into himself its scattered truths. He digested its feeble, striving, powerless, and hitherto ineffective strengths! He showed himself able to govern and to lead them forth; and, from the moment of that discovery, his people could no longer be enslaved. And so, with our Revolutionary souls—our prophets—the men-gods who

were to guide, and govern, and lead us out of bondage. The moment that the colonists could produce from their own scattered population, intellects which could contend with those of the oppressor—even as Moses contended with the Egyptian priesthood—from that moment they were free! Proud are we—proud we should be—of those stern, brave, fearless, old souls —our Moseses, our Aarons, our Joshuas, sons of Nun—ay, and our Miriams too,—high-browed, dark-eyed prophetesses, who could sing for us songs of triumph, which were also songs of encouragement and progress—when our even-tide came on, and we stood, doubtful of our course,—even burdened with our new freedom, drinking of the bitter waters of our Marah! Times for trying souls, indeed; but better phrase were, "souls for trying times,"—for all times!—for, does it matter that those times are past—that the men themselves, the prophets, are dead and gone? The souls are still with us; they cannot pass; we could not lose them if we would! We too have our times of trial. God send us souls again—souls that will meet the trial and overcome it, in stern, long conflict. The conflict, itself, shall be a seasoning for souls; in which men-children suck milk of might, and grow, at length, after repeated

seasonings, to be souls like those that have vanquished the enemy before. It is a miserable spectacle that we sometimes still see, of a weak, vast nation, feeble, faint, striving—crying aloud because of famine in the wilderness; having no eye to guide, no soul to bring them out from bondage, to show them the land of promise, to coerce them to the performances by which alone it can be won! Such were, and are, the great nations of this our Western Continent—as we call them, the aboriginal nations! They lived, and perished, and never had a soul! What a dreadful destiny! And Africa, with her thousand scattered nations—will a soul ever arise for her? will she ever see the truth, and feel the truth, and work out the truth by the only process—work, work, work! It is a solemn inquiry, but we have one like it, that more immediately concerns ourselves. Even now, America is crying out for succor from some strong, God-appointed soul, to come to her rescue. America, North and South, though in different degree—perhaps, both need the succor of some necessary prophet. It is the season of false prophets in both countries. False prophets are numerous enough in these times, who promise all things and perform nothing. There

is little hope from the toils of such souls as the Santa Annas, the Bustamentes, the Guerreroes, the Paredes', and—but why speak of these mocks in the shape of souls, which, among ourselves, are recognised as the *available*, if not the useful—the necessary, the God-elect, and God-appointed. When we ask for the Washingtons, the Henrys, the Franklins and their associates, methinks there is a vast deep blush of crimson that passes over the face of our struggling country;—not, indeed that there are not prophets among us, but that these are not what we demand. We do not ask for the souls that will *save*, but for those that will *serve* us—not those whom we need, but those who need us. The time needs its soul. Let our prayer be that a soul may come in time!

LOVE.

After all, Love is the true life. It is the spirit, permeating all nature, for which, if we have a sweet name, we have no definition.

> Ah! life were but a world, indeed,
> Of sin and suffering, shame and woe,
> From which the soul were haply freed,
> The hand administ'ring the blow;

Did Love not come with angel eye,
And soothing smile, and breath of balm,
To dry the tear, to hush the sigh,
The guilt atone, the spirit calm.

TIME.

The best key to success is the providence of Time. After all, the most valuable of our human possessions is Time, since that is always limited in duration. It follows that he who is the best economist of this possession, has the largest capital for business of any of his competitors. But time, of course, implies health, strength, courage, resolution, temperance—without which, perhaps, there can be no economy in anything.

NOTHING IN NOTHINGNESS.

Thought can no more realize the idea of *nothingness* than of creation. Both must depend upon revelation, and this, which tells us of the one, says nothing of the other. Could we regard Time as *not* a part of Eternity, it might be easy to conceive this fear. But I confess, for my own part, I think that nothing dies. I am half of the opinion of the red man—

"Who thinks, translated to his native sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

DOMESTIC MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity is, perhaps, more important as a *domestic* virtue than in any other relation. If the love, supposed to be the permeating essence pervading the domestic circle, has not learned promptly to forgive, it has failed to acquire the very first lesson upon which depend the securities of household happiness.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Man should never despair of his resources or his race. He frequently does little or nothing, because he does not manfully attempt enough. We are very sure (and, indeed, the experience of every day adds to the proof), that the true extent of his powers has never yet been developed. He, himself, is quite as much confounded at his own achievements, when he makes them, as any of the spectators. He is usually forced to his best performances by what he vulgarly calls necessity. We might easily find another word and origin for the impulse which he obeys, at such moments, and by which he performs. Though his reason trembles to advance, his blood bounds to the consummation of the unusual tasks. Verily, we too much underrate this instinct. What is

it but the God within him, throwing aside the shackles of clay, the impediments and doubts and fears of a poor earthly reason, and hurrying him onward—he, blind the while—under the unerring guidance of an immortal soul!

MORALS OF SORROW.

But for the sorrows of the heart, where would the affections find their strength? Our virtues, like the aromatic shrubs of the forest, only give out their sweets when their leaves are bruised and trampled. He who has not felt of sorrow, may be scarcely said to have known love; since the most precious joys of the soul arise from sympathies that are seldom known till they are sought, and never sought till they are necessary to soothe an infirmity or satisfy a need.

HORACE IN DISHABILLE.

Ode xxiii. ad Pyrrham.

TO POLLY.

You fly from me, Polly, my dear, like a fawn,
That trembling still at each breeze that blows,
Seeks for its dam on the mountain bawn,
With a terror that never allows repose:

With feeble limbs and faltering heart,
That shrinks from the rustling of leafy spring,
And deems the green lizard, as bushes part,
Some fearful and terrible thing.
Believe me, Polly, no tiger wild,
No panther of Buncombe, to tear you, child;
And now that you're quite of a marrying age,
And I'm not the worst-looking man you see,
Turn a new leaf in your virgin page,
Quit your mamma, and take lodgings with me.

INSCRIPTION.

One sometimes pens an inscription which is never inscribed, unless in the heart of the writer, in connexion with the pleasant memories of the precious object who inspires it. Here is one of this sort.

O'er thee we rear no lofty tomb,
No marble bust adorns the shrine,
Where Virtue's memory still must bloom,
Immortal, as she is divine;—
There, in the affections thou hast won,
A single flower to thee we rear,
First won to life by Rapture's sun,
Thence kept in bloom by Memory's tear.

LANDSCAPE.

One great charm in the landscape, which is never spoken of, lies in the fact that our sight of it embodies a discovery. We find pleasure, it is true, from frequently beholding the beautiful; but when the beautiful and the *new* are found together, the enjoyment becomes twofold, and the freshness of the picture always heightens its loveliness.

THE COIF AN EMBLEM.

The Coif now used, we believe, principally by old women, was once the particular indicative of learned men. The sergeant's Coif was a habit of exclusive privilege among that class of legal practitioners in the time of Sir Edward Coke. That learned judge held it in high esteem, and after the fashion of the time, found for it a sage and allegorical signification. "It is," says he, "like the helmet of Minerva, who was truly the goddess of *counsel*," making, as we see, a pun, which is pardonable enough in a lawyer. He adds farther, in his eulogy upon this venerable head-piece,—and his words may somewhat instruct us in its particular shape—"*Its four corners* impart science, experience,

observation, and recordation."—Have the profession, with this lucid opinion before them, done wisely in discarding this notable head-piece? May not some of the virtues of the practice have been abandoned with it? We ask with apprehension and much misgiving, was it right to resign it so entirely to the other sex? Could it not be worn appropriately even to this day, by many who certainly could not shake noddle less wise, under any head gear? Something perhaps, of the virtues of the Coif was lost in changing its original shape. No one certainly ever thought that, in cutting off its corners, we sacrificed so many of its essential virtues—science, experience, observation, and recordation! Alas! for the Coif! it imports but little of these qualities now!

THE IDEAL.

The ideal is necessarily significant of the individual. It is my, or your, conception of the highest moral within our reach. It is peculiar to one or other of us, until we convey our conceptions, convictions, and impressions, into other minds. As soon as our discovery becomes general, it becomes *real*, and ceases to be *ideal*.

INDISCRETION OF LOVE.

The natural indiscretion of Love is not badly conveyed in a stanza from the French of Ma'amselle Deshoulières. That Love should be indiscreet results from the fact that it is Faith also.

Vainly would true love hide
The secret in her breast;
By sighs that speak, by tears,
The passion is confessed:
Too late, when in the soul,
Love sways with power complete,
Would prudence then control:—
Love still is indiscreet.

GLORY.

Glory is one of those moral objects for which we have no precise definition. In proportion to the moral elevation of our standards, it will be found to signify the successful achievements of man, laboring in behalf of man. Among a people neither absolutely barbarous, nor yet refined to just moral elevation, it illustrates the fame of the successful conqueror, the invaders of peaceful lands, the spoilers of lovely cities. Even among nations whose pretensions were sufficiently lofty, no matter what their real claims to

our admiration may have been, the import of the word is exceedingly equivocal. Two remarkable instances occur to us at this moment. Marcus Brutus, who slew Cæsar—whom we ordinarily speak of as the incorruptible patriot,—was a selfish and mercenary usurer, one of the most grasping of the satraps whom Rome sent forth to govern her distant provinces—a man whose cupidity provoked the censure of Cicero, and who behaved in a manner the most treacherous and selfish in regard to Cæsar, whom he slew—accepted office under him, pledged himself to his support, and betrayed his trust, when the treachery could avail nothing for the preservation of the country. Another instance, equally remarkable, is that of Augustus Cæsar, who cunningly conciliating the venal poet, has been placed at the very fountain of glory, where opinion servilely keeps him to this very day. Yet he was but a sorry scoundrel after all—who betrayed and proscribed his friend, the patriot Cicero, consenting to his murder as one of the conditions of his own elevation to the Triumvirate—who behaved in a manner both cruel and cowardly at Philippi; and was base enough to desire to conduct a woman, Cleopatra, in chains to Rome, gracing his chariot wheels with a

triumph, which he had not the soul to merit. His refusal to fight in single combat with Mark Antony, was, perhaps, proper enough, but it is quite likely that it arose as much from deficient personal courage as from a sense of propriety and right. We might add another instance from Roman history quite as remarkable in the case of Lucretia, a woman who preferred the *actual commission of the crime with an equal* to the *mere imputation of it* in connexion with an accomplice of inferior social caste.

HUMAN NEED.

Did we pray usually for that which we need, rather than that which we want, the Deity would find it much more easy to answer our prayers, and we should prove in better condition to deserve his gifts. After all, it is a God only that we need, since it is through him only that we may command all the possessions of eternity.

LABOR—ITS VALUE.

The workingman is the only substantial citizen, all other things being equal. The nation is strong only in its working men. Everything which goes to diminish the amount of positive performance

among a people—which goes to lessen the grand results of human labor—is of necessity evil. Such are necessarily, in some degree, all stock companies, which, from being agents of social industry, by the accumulation and appropriation of capital, degenerate into primary conditions, and divert from their legitimate tasks and exercises, the minds and energies of a population which they thenceforth render superfluous. There is unhappily, in our country, a very universal distaste to labor. Our labor is but too much imported from abroad. We loathe and despise the severer tasks of that industry which removes mountains and fills the deserts with fruits and blossoms. Our people, afflicted with certain childish vanities, prefer to fill the ranks of the professions with useless recruits, who add nothing to their dignity or character, and lessen, by just their own strength, the number of the legitimate producers of the country. This is to multiply unnecessary consumers of the capital they were intended to produce. Society is very much like a bee-hive; if the drones are allowed to remain, even where they do not propagate, the contents of the hive will very soon be exhausted. That dependence upon foreign labor, of which I have spoken, seems to me one of the most

fearful signs of our degeneracy. It shows that a morbid vanity is almost the only thing willing to work among us. That society which dares not grapple heartily with the essential tasks of field and highway, must forbear, only with daily loss of its most wholesome characteristics. With us the cry seems evermore for money. The want of money is the one want which we everywhere unite to deplore. The proper subject of complaint is want of industry. We have money enough in proportion to our need, our industry, and our deserts. It is only lacking in proportion to our profligacy and vain pretension. Nay, it is owing, in a great degree, to our having had so much money, or so much that put on the semblance of money, and maintained it for a time as fairy gifts are said to do, that we are now suffering and now complaining. Money is one of the most dangerous of all social possessions. It is a wondrous power, the very use of which requires a previous training of head and heart, which cannot be too careful or too strict. Few people know properly how to use it, keeping moral standards before their eyes. Most persons not accustomed to its employment, not trained to the use of power, become gamblers with wealth, and the fancies and the appetites

take the control of that which can be used with safety only by a justly judging morality and a sage experience. The Americans, a young and consequently a poor people, were, of all others, the least prepared to use it judiciously. In many respects, at one period in the history of the world, the Spaniards were the richest people in the world. But they were previously among the poorest, and their riches, after a brief career of recklessness, pride, lust, and other passions, engendered by this very sudden excess of wealth, brought them to something worse than their original condition. The Spaniards are now not only the poorest and feeblest, but the most degraded of all the powers of Christendom. The present is a fruit of their immediately previous condition. It was the discovery of Spanish America and its rich possessions, to which their poverty is due. They were not prepared to use judiciously their own resources, and squandered wastefully what they had unexpectedly acquired, but not till it had taught them wants, habits, and indulgences which they are no longer able to supply. As the descendants of the expelled Moors of Granada still keep the keys of the ancient homestead, still dreaming to get back; so the Spaniard still waits dreaming that

the Providence which brought him Mexico and Peru will again restore them to his possession. The case of a nation is not improperly illustrated by individual example. Take the instance of the youthful heir of the old miser—one whom the sordid passion of the sire has, while he lived, kept within the most contracted limits of a base and slavish economy. Let him, while still young, be admitted freely among the hoards of which he has only dreamed before, and note with what pains-taking earnestness he dissipates them. It is his boast, indeed, that he does so, even as expensive frivolities and meretricious life are become a boast with us. "It's gone at last!" was the only half-desponding exclamation of one of these profligates a few years ago, as he acknowledged his ruin; but, suddenly looking up, with a sort of exultation in his manner, as if there had been some degree of merit in the very recklessness of his waste—"but may be I didn't *hum it* while it lasted." Was there ever a more perfect boy! That his *top hummed* while it was going, was a great consolation for its loss. A whole people become thus profligate at seasons, sharing the vices of the individual, for such excesses are epidemical. The American people

have presented for the last ten years* the melancholy spectacle of a nation *humming* it, just like the silly boy; with the simple difference, in which we find a hope, that their *humming* is no longer a subject of congratulatory chuckle. For some ten years longer, we shall be prudent enough to forbear to *hum it;* but there are periodical returns for all such maladies, and a return of seeming prosperity for a longer period than usual, unless we learn to respect money less, and industry more, will be sure to bring us to our sack-cloth again. Seriously, our levity of character is a great evil in our constitution. It can scarcely be otherwise until we honor labor more. She methodizes all the faculties, and makes all the securities of virtue as well as fortune. Mere sleight of hand will not answer. We must shut up half of our shops at least, lop from the idle host that throng the professions, and go back to the deserted fields, making our own corn and cabbages, and gathering in the harvest with our own hands. How many proper farmers have the last ten years converted into bankrupt tradesmen and desperate men!

* This was written in 1836.

"ODI D'UN UOM CHE MUORE."

The Gift of the Dying, is from the Italian of Redaelli, and involves a sweet, sad little history. In his dying moments the poet dictated it to the lady of his love, to whom he returned, at the same time, a withered flower, which he had plucked from her bosom not long before.

Take, love, this withered flower,
It bears my dying breath;
Hear, ere my lips' last power
Be yielded up in death.

How precious to my breast,
Since ravished first from thine,
Thou knows't and canst attest
By all the truth in mine!

Proof of my rapture then,
But rapture now no more;
Ah! take the flower again,
Which, dying, I restore.

And while thy breast, from whence
'Twas ravished, feels for me,
Think how 'twas snatched from thence,
And how restored to thee.

RANZ DES VACHES,

Means literally, the song of the cows; idiomatically, the cow-herd or the shepherd's song. The original, of which the following is but a paraphrase, is said to possess a powerful effect on the wandering Swiss—an effect so powerful that it was forbidden to be sung among the recruits of that nation in the French army. Yet there is nothing in the sentiment but its nature and the peculiarly touching simplicity of the music. You remember the often-quoted apothegm, from the essays of Fletcher of Saltoun,—"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws."

When shall I, at a single glance, behold
All the uncounted objects of my love—
The fountains that flow onward, never old—
The village spire—the cottage and the grove—
The mountains high? nor these alone—the sweet,
The beauty of them all? Ah! when, indeed,
Shall I with her beneath the rooftree meet,
And frolic to the music of the reed?

When shall I these behold? When shall I see
The father and the mother whom I love—
Brother and sister—and the flocks so free,
Gay leaping down the mountain through the grove?

Ah! in what happy moment shall these eyes
Grow bright with this sweet picture, and my feet
Stand in that happy valley, which supplies
All that the world contains of good and sweet?

By way of variety, here is another version, which I published some years ago anonymously, and which I subsequently discovered set to music by somebody whose name I forget, and dedicated to a Miss Rebecca Burke. If the reader will believe me, I never heard of Miss Rebecca until that moment. I know nothing of Miss Burke, and have my doubts if there really be any such person. But here is the song.

I.

When, in what happy moment shall I see
The thousand things that youthful memory loves:
The happy home where still I wandered free,—
The maiden dear, the valley and the groves,—
The woods so fair,
The streams so clear,—
Ah! when, no more a pilgrim, shall I see
The things so dear, so very, very dear!

II.

Ah! the fond memory brings them to my eyes
As still they grew and gathered for my youth,

Before me, once again, the woodland lies,—
There is the valley, there the cot, in truth;—
And ah! the voice
That says rejoice,—
The voice of her who blessed my youthful eyes—
The maid I love, the maiden of my choice.

FORBEARANCE IN FRIENDSHIP.

One of the best securities for a permanent friendship, is to be found in a forbearing to assert superiority. It is rarely that we find reverence and sympathy so associated, and so equally active, as in the famous case of Boswell, in regard to Johnson; and yet nothing less than this union of sympathy with reverence,—in fact, a sympathy which springs from reverence—will establish a friendship where one of the parties is vastly superior in intellect to the other. The highest form of intellect is usually isolation.

MAJOR NOAH'S CLOAK.

[The veteran editor, Major Noah, is dead, and I should be the last person in the world to say anything seriously which would hurt his character or disparage his memory; but a harmless pleasantry, which I copy from my portfolio, and which was written some twenty-five years ago, can scarcely

have any such effect, as it carries on its face the good humor and playful spirit with which it was conceived and written. The subject of the piece may be briefly stated thus. It appears that when Major Noah was United States Consul at Algiers, the ruling Dey made him a present of a very splendid cloak, which the Major, of course, valued very highly. Soon after he was appointed Collector of Customs, or Naval Officer in the New York Custom House, by General Jackson, this cloak was stolen from his office by some rascally *sans culotte*, and the newspapers lamented the event in language exceedingly superlative, but quite American. It was then that the following lines were written :]

Grimly, the Major paced the Custom House,
Lamenting his misfortune.
" That same cloak,—
Apart from its own qualities"—quoth he—
" Was to me a great treasure, since it came
From one who in his empire, was a prince,
After my heart's first fancy ! A brave Prince,
Made up of grasping virtues ; vigorous, wide,
Such as meseemed a model, did he stand

Chief in my estimation;—just the man,
As in my judgment, I myself had chosen
For such a sway in Israel, or New York.
Though vulgar wits, in the world's vicious phrase,
As ignorant of the seeming as the true,
Had still pronounced him pirate, and declared
His goodly gains ill gotten; as if goods
Once gotten, could be evil! He was one
Whom I had ever longed to know and love—
A royal prince by nature, who well knew
What best became his station, and could deal,
In bounties proper to his perquisites!
'Twas on a wintry morning that he threw
That cloak across my shoulders. This I know,
By the same token that mine own was old,
And scandalously threadbare. It had been
In service, and hard service, fifteen years;
And, with the natural shrewdness of my heart,
I told his highness the sad truth,—who then,—
He being a gracious Prince to those he loved,—
With sleight of hand and gracefulness unmatched,
Plucked this same garment from an Emir's back,
And cast it o'er mine own. Whereat, the man
Who lost my gain, frowned sulkily awhile,—
A sullen slave who knew no gratitude—

Until his highness, with a princely buffet
About the fellow's ears, that made them ring,—
Settled the matter—and the cloak was mine!
Now mine no more!
Thus ever hath it been!
The prophet finds no honor in the land
That gave him being; and amidst these walls
I walk the embodied motion of a *saw*,
On which I have swung *see-saw* all my days,
Never once suffered on the *settling* side.
Here do I dwell without security:
They neither yield me prophet dues, nor yet
Entreat me as a man. 'Twas a hard tug
To get into the Customs;—now that I'm here,
They rend from me a habit, best of all
That ever came from Algerine,—to whom
I owe my best of habits, as my last.
Impossible that I should match that coat
In all New York,—try Maiden Lane, or Pearl,
Broadway or Bowery, Chatham Street or Broad;
And but one hope remains to me, to use
An Algerine habit,—and to smuggle one
By virtue of mine office, and in spite
Of mine own virtue! These, I well may say,
Are cruel Customs,—which, as Winter comes,
Rob me of my Kamschatka!

FOOLS.

It is Seneca who says, "When I would solace myself with a fool, I go into a secret place with myself." To see a fool, we have but to seek for a looking glass or a familiar—a wise man, invoke God for a miracle—a true woman, seek a mother, who, with but one son, has not made the boy her master.

RESOLVE.

He who resolves frequently, is apt to spend all his energies in his resolutions. It is better to advance upon the journey which you have purposed, even though the baggage should be left behind.

WISDOM.

When, at more than a hundred years of age, Theophrastus lamented that he was about to die, just as he was beginning to grow wise, we see that he was mistaken. The very lamentation for a prolonged life, on the part of one who was "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," sufficiently proves that Theophrastus was quite as far from wisdom as ever.

AMBITION.

If honors are from God ambition is by no means an unchristian passion. It needs only to be shown, by him who is ambitious of eminence, that he will *become* his honors, and, in the distinction, be not forgetful or incapable of the duties of the place.

MORAL OBJECTS.

The knowledge to find out one's particular uses—the faith to believe in one's own mission—the will to peril all worldly considerations in its performance,—these constitute the proper objects of all moral training and desire.

SOUL AND SOIL.

There is nothing in the *soil*, if it be not in the *soul* of him who works it. The earth flourishes only in the smiles of God and the intense intellectual application of man. A poor soil as it is the parent of great necessities, will not unfrequently make a great people; but fertile lands are always a danger, since the soul that leaves everything to the soil, is itself likely to become barren.

HORACE TO HIS LYRE.

From ode xxxii., and which the reader may suppose to have been rendered by Morris or Willis, the Castor and Pollux of American Minstrelsy and Magazines.

If in the shade, in other hours,
  Dear Lyre, in deathless verse we've sung,
A harder duty now is ours
  To carol in the Yankee tongue:
In Grecian strains we've sung of yore,
  By Lesbian Alcæus taught—the brave,
Who, whether he sought the steadfast shore,
  Or rocked in tempest o'er the wave,
To Bacchus still attuned his lyre,
  The muses sought with deathless strain,
Or for the Queen of young desire,
  And Lowell, ever in her train,
(Boy with the coal-black eyes of fire,)
  Still sang, nor often sang in vain.
Lyre, that Apollo loved so well,
  Best charm at Jove's own banquets,—be
But pliant now to Yankee spell,
  And yield the power of Song to me.

GOD AND MAN.

God made the world in six days—it takes man scarcely six minutes to find fault with it.

God saw that it was good and blessed it—man finds it evil and curses it.

Alas! for man that sees nothing with the eyes of God, but everything with his own! Both God and man judge of the earth and its things from the nature separately within them.

It is not earth and its creatures, nor the waters, nor the air, with their tribes of living things, which God sees to be good, and blesses accordingly—it is the eternal, unchangeable spirit of life, of truth, and of beauty, which, from his own, he infuses into them all.

It is not the earth, nor the seas, nor the skies, nor the creatures that dwell in them, that man finds evil and curses accordingly—it is his own blind eyes, and bitter spirit, and capricious temper, through whose jaundiced medium all things become evil, and out of proportion with the natural and true!

Earth, ocean, air, and life! Let us learn to see and to bless ye, even as ye have been seen and blessed by the Eternal Father.

"VIVE MEMOR LETHE."

"Live," said the ancient—with philosophy
Too narrow for the progress of our race—

"Live, always with thy memory set on death!"
Better the Scripture thus: So keep thy thought,
Maugre the fear of death, that thou mayst live,
Not once forgetting that thou liv'st for life!
Care and transition are not absolute,
Save as they mark the steps which we declare
In a long progress—steps from high to higher,
Where, what we seek is but to entertain
The ambition that still prompts us to aspire.

CONSCIENCE.

We should make terms with conscience, if it be only to keep peace in the family.

POETS.

The Poet of Fancy compares and contrasts; the Imaginative Poet combines and personifies. The Poet of Fancy decorates and adorns; he of Imagination creates and endows. The one finds wings and color for his thought; the other makes of it a living and a breathing soul.

PUNISHMENT.

In the punishment of death, society, in its fear or selfishness, totally excludes from consideration

one of the great ends of punishment, which, in protecting society ought never to lose sight of a regard for the recovery of the offender. A citizen is a child of the State, whom we should chastise for his misdeeds, rebuke for his excesses, and place equally out of the way of harm and mischief; but whom no parent should think of cutting off entirely, while a sin is yet to be repented, and a talent yet remains to be made useful.

PHLEGM.

It is scarcely necessary to counsel the human family against the phlegmatic and the sceptic. It is surprising, indeed, how generally and certainly men shrink from the presence of the person of habitual sneer and denial. It is by an instinct, born of the human necessity for sympathy, that such is the case, rather than because of any process of reason which teaches that such persons are to be avoided; for the sceptic is usually a person whose confidence in himself arises, not less from his own conviction that he never offends against propriety, than from his consciousness of superior endowment. He has self-esteem, of course, but he has the exterior morals also. He is a social Pharisee, and feels that he is no black-

guard like his neighbor. He never offends against the vulgar virtues of the highway. But he is the greater monster for all this, since he can comply with all the laws of decency, without having learned the first and simplest, which teaches the sympathies and the affections.

WEALTH.

Our wealth does not so much consist in our acquisitions as in our performances, and he is sometimes the richest man who has left himself nothing.

GERMS.

To teach the child you must study him, even as we examine the secret nature of the tree before we attempt its cultivation. If the acorn is the sire of the oak, that does not by any means render it necessary that it should be boiled before it is planted.

MODESTY.

Modesty is policy, no less than virtue. It implies security, which is never the case with ambition, and still less of presumption. To wait your time is to win your aim; to wait the call, is to be sure to hear it in proper season; though it must be remembered

that you keep your ears open. You must watch as well as wait, and watching itself implies modesty.

FRAGMENTS.

Here are a few fragments from the Italian of Metastasio, which may be used as mottoes.

I. THE FIRST VOYAGER.

Bold was that gallant rover,
The first on ocean's breast,
Who ploughed the wide seas over,
Of unknown lands in quest;
But for *his* gallant daring,
How many realms had been,
With none their treasures sharing,
Unconquered as unseen!

II. SILENCE.

Silence herself is eloquent, and he
May sometimes, in his answer, say too much,
Who suffers her to speak.

III. FAITH.

If faith be guilt, the crime upon my head!
Lead me to death. To die for such offence
Makes proud my spirit.

IV. APPROVING CONSCIENCE.

He with firmness dies,
Who, in the parting agony, looks back,

Nor blushes to behold, of his past life,
The long and various history.

V. FAME.

"He who would cling to life,
Despising glory, merits not to live.
Life is the common property—but Fame,
Belongs to great souls only."

CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

The test for human progress in civilization is the development of the *constructive* faculty. It is true that a man shares the antagonist quality with the brute, and is destructive in quite the same degree; but he has the corrective, in the opposite endowment of constructiveness, and his labor is quite legitimate when he destroys to build. Destructiveness, indeed, is absolutely essential to the proper exercise of ingenuity in art.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is frequently the case that you lose your friend in the sagacity which perceives his imperfections. True friendship implies the privilege of sorrowing over the infirmities of your favorite, and curing them whenever you can. Yet, though we know our danger, and believe in the skill of the surgeon, it

seems to be very rational that we should recoil from his instrument. To be properly susceptible of friendship, in its highest capabilities, it is necessary that we should not only love confidingly, but that we should have strength to suffer reproach without misgiving or resentment.

SELF-ESTEEM IN FRIENDS.

Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

RARITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, with half the world, means little more than the utter subordination of one of the parties to all the humors and caprices of the other. In other words, to be your friend, I must be your patron. There is little real friendship in the world. It is a rarer quality than love—is too passionless a virtue for most people. Regarded as the thing it is, we hold the maxim of Polonius to be worth its weight in gold:

> "To thy own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SOLITUDE AND SELF-ESTEEM.

He will never suffer from solitude who has never quarrelled with himself.

DEFINITIONS.

Definitions, in relation to indeterminate subjects, such as poetry, the forms and combinations of which are endless, can seldom contemplate more than a single characteristic. You can only describe such topics by histories, and a new phase in the progress of either will still call for a new history.

WOMAN.

The woman knows something too much, who too readily discovers where her sex is weak, and yet the general consciousness of her weakness, by inculcating caution and humility, is the best security for her virtues.

WAYSIDE THORNS.

The wayside is set with thorns, in all probability that we should not forget our errands while we loiter.

SEARCH.

No one need seek who does not believe in the

object of his search, and who has not first resolved to find. Faith and resolution are the two eyes which alone conduct to discovery and conquest.

FIRST LOVES.

The reason why boys, at first, fall in love with women who are so much older than themselves, is because of their consciousness that they have so much to learn. When they themselves grow old enough to teach, they seek pupils in their sweethearts. It is thus that sixty, forgetting the precocity of the sex, feels a passion for sixteen.

WOMAN'S FAVOR.

To win the favor of a woman is not so necessary that you should make her pleased with you as with herself. The one conviction follows the other. The mirror that shows beauty her own image, is one that she will seldom break. Men of the world soon learn this lesson: vanity never.

FLATTERY.

Flattery, to be successful, must be always indirect, unless when you are dealing with a fool. Flattery, *primâ facie*, is an offence to the understanding, which

persons of any delicacy always resent. It assumes that the shallowness of your mind is quite as great as the depth of your vanity, and proposes to deal with you as Narcissus dealt with himself. In such cases, while the dish is grateful, one curses the awkward waiter who serves it up.

PRIMITIVE FREEDOM.

Look to the lovely past, where Liberty
Scatters her liberal gifts in plenty round,
Makes all delight before the grateful eye,
And gives to honest joy the viol's sound.
See where, in simple dance, with festive glee,
They tread the native carpet of the free;
They dream not of the smiling sad deceit
That lurks in other lands, beneath the sweet;—
But Peace, with rural viands crowns the soil,
And Love presents the grateful bowl to Toil;
Beauty, from virgin neck of whitest snow,
Lifts the long tress to wipe hard Labor's brow;
Mirth leads the frolic from his rustic throne,
And Freedom joys in joys she well may call her own.

FEMININE DELICACY.

The woman who has sense enough to detect the

purpose of the flatterer, will have spirit enough to show resentment. If not, any solicitude in regard to her favors may safely be dispensed with. The virtue of such a person will prove as worthless as her delicacy.

THE SOUL'S VISION.

In astronomy, as the body rises it becomes luminous, until passing out of the sphere of vision, it sinks into darkness as before. But the darkness is our own, and not that of the object whose obscuration we deplore. That has only passed into a yet profounder light, becoming, though lost to us, a yet more truly "illuminated body." We have seen it veiled in darkness, but the veil was upon our own eyes; and to share in the illumination, or to pierce that veil, it is necessary that we should *rise* also. Hope and Fear will provide the wings for this purpose, and Faith and Labor are the sources of our illumination.

PENALTIES OF EMINENCE.

The price of immortality is death; the penalty of superiority is pain. We must wrestle for every victory, without always being sure that we shall have

fair play. There are thousands in the world who would pluck the plumage from another without ever dreaming of wearing it themselves. To rise into command or triumph is equally beyond their imagination and their hope; but there is a pleasure unspeakable which they enjoy in pulling down their neighbors to their own level.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

The best books are those which are written by men of the world, who are yet no worldlings. They have gathered the fruits of all human experience, without having lost the blossoms of their own humanity.

BOOKS.

The only two classes of books which are really useful beyond all others, are those which are written *for* the head, and those which are written *from* the heart. Yet, to write either well, requires a just knowledge of both head and heart;—requires, indeed, that while each shall be recognised, as absorbing always its own province, they shall both be considered under a common sway.

TEACHERS.

The teacher who loathes his vocation is totally unfit for it. We must love the labor in which we would thoroughly succeed. We must honor the pupil if we would hope to train him to honor.

CHRISTIAN HUMANITY.

Humanity still conquers, even through suffering. Be careful not to lose that, and you lose nothing.

His eye was tearless, but his cheeks were wan:
  There sorrow long had set her heavy hand;
  Yet was his spirit noble, and a bland
And sweet expression o'er his features ran!
Care had not tutored him to sullenness,
  The world's scorn not subdued the natural man,—
The sweet milk of his nurture was not less,
  Because the world had met him with its ban:
He is above revenges, though he drinks
  The bitter draught of malice and of hate;
And still, though in the weary strife he sinks,
  They cannot make him murmur at his fate—
He suffers, and he feels the pang, but proves
The conqueror, though he falls, for still he loves.

GREAT NAMES.

No doubt a nation suffers quite as much from the prescriptive superiority of certain great names

among its people as from any defects of character or infirmities of the people themselves; and yet, but for this general inferiority of the whole, the rank or distinction of the individual could never have become so overshadowing as to have wrought the nation any mischief.

CENSURE.

We complain that the censure of our neighbor does us injustice. How much greater should be our grief were his judgment just!

HOW TO ENJOY.

I am honored in what I spare. The rose which I leave upon the bush affords me a pleasure which I should not enjoy were it plucked and buried within my bosom. That is a wretched selfishness which destroys when it would enjoy.

CREDULITY.

It is only an ignorant that is a credulous people. But not to believe readily, may be quite as much a proof of arrogance and presumption as of wisdom. A people, like an individual, may know a great deal, yet be ignorant of the one thing needful. A certain

amount of acquisition, mingled with a large quantity of selfishness, invariably results in destroying all faith in our fellow. People, thus distinguished, end in believing nothing but themselves.

DRAMATIC PICTURES.

Grouping, in a picture, implies action; yet how commonly do painters attempt dramatic subjects, and give us groups who seem to have no object. Why should men come together unless there is something to be done? Dramatic pictures require all the higher qualities of the artist; but the *design* is the vital requisite, which, to a certain degree, may dispense with all the rest. At least, the story may be told in chalk; and the first object of the dramatic painter is to tell his story.

RELATIONS IN A GROUP.

The action in a group should be always single, and the figures should tend to a common centre. The eye of the spectator should never be suffered to wander off to the mere auxiliaries. These are required to be there, as dependencies of the hero; we should only not be made conscious of their absence; but it will not do, if Thersites is allowed to

conflict with Agamemnon or Achilles in our regards. For such an offence, the painter would deserve to share in the chastisement of the buffoon.

REASON.

To be a reasoning animal, does not necessarily imply a capacity to reason. This faculty is really held by very few among the many. It is an original possession, and, though improvable, like any other faculty, by training, is yet one with which no course of education can endow the individual to whom it has been denied by nature. It is a gift—implying powers of invention and combination—qualities which, united to imagination and fancy, make the poet and the painter. The reasoner, like the poet, is born, not made.

ENTHUSIASM AND EXPERIENCE.

Enthusiasm, without experience and study, may be likened to a ship with great sails spread but without ballast, and *topheavy* by its own *lightness*. But as all the cargo in the world, however valuable, and all the seamanship, however skilful, would do nothing for the progress of the ship without her sails, so all knowledge and experience are equally

dead and valueless, crammed away in the brain that lacks enthusiasm.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Looking at the huge libraries, the vast collections, the folios, quartos, and octavos, which, at this abundant day of letters, you find in every third dwelling, and the wonder is natural that we should be no wiser and no better than we are. Read the golden inscriptions which they bear, and half of them are the labors of the devout moralist, who loved laborious exercise for its own sake, and found no pleasure save when he was doing battle for the truth. Every third volume is one of a divine morality. All of them are stuffed with wise saws and senatorial maxims, which promise the amplest triumphs and the most complete immunities, in return for implicit reverence and obedience. How is it then that Error, in spite of all this, should still continue to exist? Nay, she not only exists, but has her followers, her allies, her worshippers, and is as insolent and audacious as she was before the flood. She has more lives than the proverbial cat. By what seven-fold shield does she keep herself unharmed? What is the subtle tenure of that exis-

tence that makes her so stubborn an antagonist—so bold in the assault, so stubborn in defence, so swift of flight, so adroit in seizing new positions the moment she is driven from the old, and crowning her shoulders with new heads as fast as we lop the old away? Hers is a strange vitality: we cannot brain her effectually with all our volumes. But here lies the mystery. The *big books* themselves help somewhat to explain it. This is the secret of their ineffectiveness;—they *are* big, too big! Error is a subtle existence, small, compact and infinitesimally divisible. It is not necessary for her destruction that we should employ such forces as might have served Gabriel against the infernal angels. Who thinks to bring out field pieces in shooting sparrows? Before we can apply the torch, the bird is off, and even did it wait the bombardment, a mustard seed would do more execution than the bullet. A big book in the moral, is not unlike a big gun in the military world. It makes a great noise, and, if it happens to hit, does a great deal of execution. But, an hundred to one, in the computation of chances, it never does hit, and so, for the good that comes of it, it consumes quite too much of our time, labor, and ammunition. Not so with the little books,

the musketry and grape of literature. Some of these must tell, since they are so numerous. Here Truth divides herself as infinitesimally as Error, accommodates herself to the humblest forms, and leaps about as nimbly as her adroit enemy, wherever she may hope to find an antagonist. Her light armed troops skirmish away on all hands, tell at every point, in flank and rear, and have smitten the enemy hip and thigh, while it is only now and then that you hear the roar of her great artillery, slow, solemn, and ever in the same place—Error actually dashing up under the smaller of her guns, and seizing upon and spiking them, in the very teeth of the corpulent matrosses. But, no longer to pursue one figure, the small books better meet the exigency of the case, are better adapted to the sort of enemy they deal with, are more prompt, more portable, more numerous, far less expensive, and much more efficacious. In this comparison, it is not meant to disparage the venerable folios. They are a sort of depot—a great store-house—from whence the flying artillery, the cavalry, the infantry, the scouts and riflemen, may procure their missiles as they are wanted. Doubtless, they contain immense quarries of very precious materials. They should be prized

as something very sacred, and watched and examined periodically with a religious scrutiny. Good men and sage should be chosen to have them in careful keeping, and on days of solemn state and ceremonial, they might be brought forth in sight of all the citizens, in order that they should be sure that the moth has not found its way to their treasure. But for ordinary people and ordinary purposes, we need a more active military.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Louisa ——— has the sharpest, wittiest-looking eyes in the world, but you lose sight of her eyes entirely when she begins to talk. The tongue partakes of none of this sharpness. Hear what a former lover says on this incongruous subject:

How different from Louisa's tongue, is fair Louisa's eye,
The latter never opes, but forth a thousand arrows fly,
While from the former tinkling thing, though ever on the stretch,
Your ears may carry all the day, but nothing pointed fetch.

THE CERTAIN EXECUTIONER.

Medical men, as well as lawyers, have been, at all times, very fair game for the satirist. The following is rendered from Boileau. The Epigrammatist,

who thus congratulates himself, in the language of equal defiance and indignation, is not the only one whose security from danger has arisen solely from his excessive caution against all risk:

> "Your uncle," said you?—That assassin
> Ne'er prescribed for me, when ill;
> I never took his medicine!—
> Behold the proof—I'm living still.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Something more may be said in regard to the bulk of books intended for the use of mankind. The subject is really of far more importance than one would imagine, and to be rated with correctness only by a recognition of the inevitable progress of democracy. No doubt that, in big books there is much philosophy—perhaps, much philosophy could not well be put into a smaller compass. But, for the people—for man as he is—a creature of continual hurry—stricken with sudden necessities—hastily and perpetually called off by the exigencies of life, *much* philosophy would be mostly evil. For these your philosophy must be in broken doses. Your books must be small, your sentences short, your doctrines in a nutshell. The laboring man, who is

yet equally a reading and a thinking man, must have books that will lie snugly in his pocket, that he can draw forth, as he does his tobacco, and chew upon as he traverses the highways to his tasks. The man who depends for his daily dinner upon his daily toil, cannot lug a monstrous volume where he goes; yet we must not leave him without the sort of aliment which big books profess to bestow.—To whom are the lessons of a true philosophy and a pure morality more vitally important? For whom, indeed, are they written, if not for him? It is he who has fewest friends to teach and to forewarn—fewest resources of wealth, fewest attractions in society, fewest means of consolation and comfort in the hours of exhaustion and suffering. He is most open to temptations, particularly those which more certainly follow upon the footsteps of want and destitution, than in the wake of luxury and dissipation. It is he who is most exposed to the presence of low vices, to the evils of situation and contaminating associations. These are the dangers which, coming with humble pursuits and degrading necessities, are well calculated, by insensible degrees, to divest him of the necessary restraints of and respect for society. Society must be at some pains to prevent this, if she

values her own safety. She must let him see that she considers him her son, and quite as legitimate as any of his better brothers. She must open his eyes upon all the attractions and rewards which belong to that better condition in which virtue is nothing more than habit. She must persuade him that to this condition there is really no reason why he should not aspire with the rest. There must be books made for him, with a due regard to his ignorance, his wants, his poverty, and his daily exigencies. It appears to us the most monstrous absurdity to put forth great volumes, at great prices, and to call upon poverty and labor not only to read, but to pay for them; and, as they fail to do so, then denounce them for their ignorance, and turn away with loathing from the inferior humanity to which we offer a stone in place of bread. We must do things differently if we hope to do anything. We must put up our philosophies in small parcels, at small prices, and mark them for the people; only taking care that Error does not contrive, disguising herself like truth, to find her way into the parcel, and thus defeat our charity. The errors of small books would be of more pernicious effect than those of large ones. In the latter case, they would sleep

in immemorial dust upon the shelves of the library; in the former, they would glide everywhere into the heart of living man.

WHAT FOR DINNER!

[Some lessons in domestic philosophy may be found in the doggrel which follows, something which, while it shows off a hungry husband, may be of good service to a prudent wife. We can assure all young women that the counsel in the last two verses is of the last importance to a quiet household.]

I.

Let them prate of love who will,
  Talk of sweet romance and song,
'Tis the dinner bell that still
  Sets all right that late was wrong;
Here is logic, law, and love,
  Deep'st that man has ever known;
And for marriage best they prove,
  Who these blessed doctrines own!
"What for dinner, prythee say,
  Good wife, is it fish or flesh;
Roast or fricassee to day,
  Pickled pork, or cutlet fresh?"

II.

"Hey the clatter, hi the clatter,
Plate and pitcher, knife and fork;
'Tis a sacred, solemn matter,
Serious business, mighty work!
Chair! you rascal; don't stand grinning,
What the d—l do you there?—
Not now, good wife, cease that dinning,
It is too annoying, dear.
What for dinner, &c.

III.

Click! that plate was nearly gone,
Fingers are all thumbs, I think:
Hand the bottle, Cuffee, John,
Nerves are steadied by a drink.
Here, you rascal, won't you move?
Shall I break your skull in two?
Don't be frightened now, my love,
It is what I shall not do.
What for dinner, &c.

IV.

Hey—what's that—still mutter, mutter!
Pray, my dear, be quiet now;
I'd rather hear you squeal or stutter,
Than that perpetual bow, wow, wow.

At some other time 'twill do,
Haply will I listen then;
But when hungry, there are few
Listening husbands among men.
What for dinner, &c.

v.

Till the first attack is o'er,
And the edge of appetite,
Feeling all, is felt no more,
Losing scent and sense and sight—
Never growl of house affairs,
Young wife, keep your chronicle,
Hungry husbands have no ears,
None but for the dinner bell.
What for dinner, &c.

THE PERVERSE.

We are apt to be as maliciously hostile to ourselves, to our own peace and happiness, as to our neighbors, and this too, not in ignorance, but through pride, vanity, and mere perversity. The perverse is one of the most mischievous forms of human weakness:

Life's affluence still around us, how we scorn
The flower she brings us, grasping still the thorn;
We seek for foreign pleasures, loth to see,
What fruits and blossoms bless our garden tree;
How rich the light our evening sun bestows,
With what soft virgin smile our moonlight glows;
What music times our fountain, as it showers
A thousand droplets o'er our sunny bowers;
How sweet the bird that by our lattice sings;
How soft the breeze that soothes us with its wings:
What hopes may brighten if their smiles we woo;
What joys make captive, if we but pursue;
If but the will and purpose prompt the toil,
What conquests crown, how exquisite the spoil!
But with what blindness do we mock the prize
Within our grasp, imploring still our eyes:
Deny the loveliest beauties of the year,
Reject the breeze, the song that comes to cheer,
And with strange passion and perverseness fed,
Create the very monsters that we dread!

ROYAL GREAT ONES.

Francis the First and Charles the Fifth have both received the surname of the Great, and with some justice we may recognise the application, though in a different sense from that in which it was made. Francis the First might have been a great scoundrel had he not been too great a fool; and Charles the Fifth was too great a scoundrel to be held a fool.

Of what quality were the people and the courtiers to whom these weak, base monarchs were the gods?

WHOLENESS OF TRUTH.

But we must not forget the sacred wholeness of Truth. In putting her into small parcels, we must be careful to diminish none of her proportions. It is one important element of her character, the proof of her spirituality, that she may contract herself to any dimensions, yet preserve her entireness and symmetry. She must be symmetrical, or we cannot love her—she must be perfect, or we shall not recognise her. No writer of a book need set out with the design to make a moral. If he does, his book will be very apt to fail. His great object is to make his narrative—be it history or fiction—and there is philosophy in both—entirely truthful; and truthfulness, even in the delineation of a vice or a crime, always carries with it its own and a valuable moral. The most moral authors that the world has ever known, are those who have been most true to nature: to nature in her completeness—in all her essentials—and not in partial glimpses of her person. When, therefore, an author proves immoral in his results—even supposing that he sets out with

no evil intentions—the inference is fair that he is not true in his details. He may give you glimpses of the truth, but they are glimpses only. The whole truth is the only testimony which the superior genius indulges, and the only testimony which can properly avail for his case before the awful tribunals of posterity. It is the lack of this entireness, this universal singleness, this individual essential, absorbing all the rest, that has surrendered to defeat, and given up to oblivion, many a noble mind and grasping imagination. The world has known very few writers who have deliberately set out to pervert the truth, to misrepresent man, to deform nature, and to debase society! The Ethereges and the Rochesters, were vicious men, it is true, but they were abandoned, rather in consequence of their inferior intellectual nature, than because of any wilful desire to do wrong. They yielded themselves, without examination, to the habitual vices and tastes of their period. Genius, it must be remembered, is a Seer who is apt to see false visions as well as true. "*One-sidedness*" of survey is that which frequently perverts the intellect, which would otherwise honestly pursue the truth. The truth naturally eludes such visions. She has a thousand aspects, and they see but one. She lies, it is true,

upon the surface, but who shall say how much of her there is below it? It will not do to content ourselves with the surface. We must dig, we must dig below it, we must explore. Truth has breadth, depth, length, and weight; and we shall fail to say what she is till we learn what these are. What she requires, follows as another lesson. Some writers of great genius succeed wonderfully in giving her surface. They show one of her aspects, with most singular force and felicity; but as they themselves see but her surface only, they show no more; and they are immoral writers, because they are untrue. There is a general incoherence in the tone and temper of their works—an inconsistency between the character and the doings of their agents—which the natural world never presents to us. To write morally, it is necessary that truth in the general, and truth in the detail, should be equally attended to; if not, we have the old monster of character, the half woman, the half fish, described by the Poet, in reference to a similar topic:

> "The beauteous maid,
> Proud of each charm above the waist displayed;
> Below a loathsome fish:—
> Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,
> Deforms all shapes and mingles all extremes."

LOVING WISELY.

To love wisely is not so easy as to love well; yet to love well, it is necessary that we should first love wisely.

VOLTAIRE.

There is an eloquent sketch of Voltaire, by Mrs. Shelley, supposed to be as great an infidel as himself, which apologizes for him, very ingeniously, at the expense of the Roman Catholic Church. But this is a sort of plea which is wholly English. Voltaire, we suspect, did not care a straw for any church, of any sect; and simply assailed that of which he knew most, and which he deemed to be most vulnerable. Voltaire's infirmities were wit and vanity;—a compound that usually produces incredulity, and sometimes infidelity. His faith in himself was too profound to have admitted much faith in God; and this is the evil, we are inclined to think, which is the source of most of the revolutions of France.

DEVOTION OF PURPOSE.

Thrice satisfied he,
Who, in the immeasurable might of Love,
Still ready for all sacrifice, devotes
His manhood, and the promise of his days,
To the one object.

ATTACHMENTS.

Our capacity to form judicious attachments, does not so much depend upon our capacity to think and to observe, as upon the vigilance and activity of rare instincts which have been tutored by necessities and trials.

JUDGMENT.

It were no unchristian mode of judging others, were we as willing to suppose, in them, the merits which we all fancy in ourselves.

SELF-MIRRORS.

The instinct which discerns the evil motive in our neighbor, proves the vice in question to be active at the core of our own hearts.

FEMALE VIRTUE.

The delicacy of female virtue consists wholly in its unconsciousness. She to whom you can teach nothing, has already learned the worst knowledge of the human heart.

OLD AND YOUNG.

To the young the past is an abyss; to the old an

eminence. It is before the latter that the abyss presents itself, from the edge of which they mournfully look back to the sunny heights which they never more shall tread.

DULL WEATHER.

Now close the door and bolt the shutter fast,
Make sunshine in the circle, while the blast
Shrieks at the shutter;—light the fires within,
While coldly the dim sunset in the sky
Fails, as of wont, the upward gaze to win,
And glooms the spirit gazing through the eye.
We are but creatures of the exterior world,
With all our soul and seeking; and the sphere
Perforce, that we inhabit, still must share
Our sympathies, and touch us with its hues,
Unless with will, like that of erst, which hurled
Our sire from thrones he knew not how to sway,
With the endeavor resolute, we shall choose
Our own dominion, peopling as we may.
'Tis with us still, when outward sways the gloom,
Within, with smiles and love, our homes to reillume.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It is warm weather, my friends. You too are ex-

pected to be warm, and caloric will be proper, as a first element on the national anniversary. The sun will shine upon the troops with emulation of the brightness of the stars, buttons, and epaulettes. Burnished helmets will reflect back all his glories, and polished sabres stream like comets in his glance. It will try the eyes to look upon the spectacle. Keep therefore, as much in the shade as possible. Valor does not require you to expose yourself. Nor will it need that, before you sally forth at daylight, you should resort to any "Dutch courage," in the shape of strong drink, to inspire you with the necessary enthusiasm. In delivering the *feu-de-joie*, beware that the lock of your brother soldier's musket is not too familiar with your *left* whisker. To be compelled to despatch your *right*, in a search after its companion, is a sad thing to be thought of in these piping times of war. If you attend any of the orators, don't let them excite you to any extravagent act of patriotism. Go home peaceably if you can—follow the shady side of the street, and drink, by the way of no mineral waters having in them sulphur and carbon. Get quietly to your chamber, strip, bathe, and take a *siesta* of *eleven* minutes—no more—then dress for dinner with your Society.

When delivering yourself of your toast take care that you say only what you intend, and, above all things, do not let your ambition promise more than your heart will enable you to perform. If you would pun at table use red pepper in your soup. If, at the close of the feast, you are doubtful of the prudence which should direct your footsteps, drop in at the police office and request a companion. Do not linger under any of the lamp-posts by the way, for most gases are inflammable, and acting on each other, the chances are that you or the lamp may suffer by it. Retire to bed at an early hour, and if you have any feeling of that sort, there is no reason that you should not mingle "Hail Columbia" with your prayers.

VICE SHORT-LIVED.

How much easier would our virtues be of attainment, if we could only remember always how short-lived are all the enjoyments of vice. Give them the whole seventy years of our allotment, and how infinitely nothing is the whole sum of being upon which even the most selfish worldling would insist.

CHILD-ANGELS.

Why should there not be child-angels—dear and infant forms with wings—as well as those which can tutor and direct us even while they serve? It does not follow that a perfect condition of happiness implies a monotonous equality of strength and stature in the realms and principalities assigned to the abodes of the blessed.

THE FUTURE.

It is strange that, knowing nothing of the future ourselves, we should still be unwilling to trust ourselves implicitly to that guidance which has already carried us so far in safety.

COMMUNITIES.

Ancient communities which, at the same time, remain stationary, making no progress, are apt always to refine at their own expense. In such, the tastes ripen at the expense of the energies; and refinement, when it becomes fastidiousness, is fatal to performance. The dangerous point to which such a community can arrive, is when it becomes habitually critical. When the Athenian mob could teach an actor the right reading, Athens was no

longer a power. It was ready for overthrow. A community of critics will lack the courage to do anything but criticise. They will dread to incur, by performance, the severities which it has been their pleasure to pass upon their neighbors. Such a community will tell you of the burr in the voice, the grammatical slip, of the uncouth expression of the great orator, while all the world hangs with tears and tumultuous delight upon the magnificent flow of his thought—the glorious sweep of his imagination. They are quite too nice to be wise—too correct to be courageous—too solicitous of their own utterance to hear the words of wisdom or genius, or to gather truth or inspiration from the lips of others.

MORAL PROGRESS.

Patriotism declaims a great deal about our moral progress, but is it so sure that we are making any? Novelties of invention do not establish the fact of moral superiority. They simply confirm an old truth, that the worldly capacities of man are always equal to his necessities and actual condition. Our discoveries merely seem to keep pace with our enlarging empire and the wants that a new condition

will naturally exhibit. These necessities are really not of a kind to bring out into more ample exercise the moral energies of which our nature is susceptible. They address themselves to our economies, rather than to our genius, except where the latter is inspired by the ambition to gratify animal passions or to overcome physical impediments. Our progress seems to be mechanical and animal, rather than moral. In morals, I suspect that the age is pretty much where it was a thousand years ago. In what is the morality of the British conquest over the Chinese, superior to that of the Norman sea-chivalry in the time of Charlemagne? How is the Christianity of French conquest in Algeria, superior to the ordinary moral exhibitions of the British, French, Spanish, and Italian, during the reigns of Louis the Twelfth, Henry the Eighth, Charles the Bold, Ferdinand the Catholic, and Pope Julius II.—or any reigns in Europe for three hundred years before? And the moral progress depends upon just such comparison. Does the question show other results when it relates to purely intellectual matters? The exact sciences move in natural progression—we may venture to say this, though with some hesitation, since it is difficult to say how much of the ancient

inheritance our own barbarous progenitors destroyed. But for the inexact, which are the truly moral portions of the mental nature—those which we may not group in a square or reckon by figures—those which involve the attributes of taste, and appeal to the agency of the imagination—these are, if not absolutely retrograde, scarcely more advanced than they were in the days of Homer. The centuries seem to move in a circle rather than to advance, and we do little more than retrace their ancient movements. Our discoveries are such as we frequently find to have been used three thousand years ago. The ages seem to propose to themselves no goal to which they advance with steadfast direction. We set off, every now and then, with a fresh impulse, as if the ground was new and the pathway yet to be laid open, but find ourselves, after a while, at the well known starting-place. We meet at every step, the traces of some former progress, if not of our own. Old records freshen at every step, and, like the traveller in the Arabian legend, we find the barriers recede as we advance, but still enough remain to show that they at least are impassable. Time will not suffer us to escape him. He travels still in our company, and our defeats only declare

his limitations no less than our own. Our stages are his also; though our seasons vary, and we have still a hope, which he does not pretend to share. Indeed, Human Life, it must not be forgotten, is nothing more than *human* life. That we are not all human, is a fact which does not seem much to interfere with our merely human progress. Here are our metes and bounds—here rise our Alps. Thus far may we go and no farther. Life makes but little progress out of the path of time. The 'Everlasting-to-be which hath been,' is the destiny more inflexible in the eye of mortal ambition than any of the rest. It does not seem to forbid improvement, but it prevents advance. In vain do we enumerate our achievements. We share them only with the past. Our books, our arts, our sciences, our skill, our valor, our songs, our seers—they are those of the buried ages. The giants who have gone before us in point of time, have gone before us, in achievements also. We have superseded them with others, but are we sure that we have surpassed them in their inventions? If we have found some things of our own, we have lost some of theirs, which were probably quite as valuable, and certainly quite as much suited to their wants as the present

are to ours. And who shall pretend to say that our very discoveries have not simply arisen because of our ill success in retracing theirs. What, in fact, have we to brag of? Nothing, perhaps, unless in some vague conviction in our times, not of reception in theirs, of a universal humanity. To have discovered man, as an estate, is something. Yet this, by the way, was the great revelation brought to us by Christ!—Otherwise the ancients are still our tutors, our models, and our masters. We copy their labors, while we clamor for their immortality. We strive for the eminence, and lo! we find old names written on our monuments. We are like the pioneer, who, exploring what he deems an unknown wilderness, finds, suddenly, to his horror and surprise, the gashes in the tree, of the very axe which he carries upon his shoulder.

ATTRIBUTES OF LOVE.

If Love had not an understanding eye,
  If Love's eye had not comprehensive speech,
If Love were not a thing of memory,
  Or if to aught but Love, Love aught could teach,
How much, sweet heart, have I said fruitlessly,
  How much fond speech were thrown away on
    thee;

How much have both remembered bootlessly,
How much have others seen, who should not see;
How profligate our hearts of moments wasted;
How vain the fond expectancies that led;
How wild the dreams whose raptures sleep untasted;
How sad the sweet delusions which have fed;
The heart's whole being from this danger shrinks!
Yet Love is no such profligate, methinks!

PASSIONS AND VIRTUES.

To survive the passions, without having matured the virtues, is to expend our capital without taking the customary securities.

LOVE.

Better love in vain than leave the heart unemployed.

CONVERSATION.

The high and proper signification of the word "conversation," seems now to be lost from society. A fine strain of dilation, such as came from that old man, eloquent Coleridge, is voted declamation and impertinence, by that vulgar vanity, which, in its own perpetual hunger to be heard, is angry,

though a God should speak.—Instead of conversation, nowadays, what have we? The "wishy-washy everlasting flood" of drivel—an idiot's tale—signifying nothing, not even sound and fury.

CONSOLATIONS OF BEGGARY.

I suppose that the beggar finds some consolation in the thought that he shall one day cease to starve.

DEATH.

After all, how grateful is the certainty of death! What a world of consolation is contained in the assurance of the Scriptures, that there shall come a season, and be a place of refuge, when and where the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary shall find rest. True virtue consists in the struggle, I admit; but it does not cease to be virtue, that we should seek repose after the victory is won.

ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm is unquestionably a virtue, the wing and impulse to all other virtues. But, in the absence of virtue itself, the most sovereign impertinence. Habitual enthusiasm is a child of the blood, and not of the principles. But it is not the less to be enter-

tained or valued on this account; since the blood is the life of the passions, and where there are no passions, there can be no virtues. Enthusiasm in the young, coupled with reverence and faith, proves all right. But, lacking the latter, it makes a tyranny of the mind which feels its impulses, and in the diseased growth of self-esteem, which it occasions, it defeats all usefulness.

HABITUAL IMPULSE.

Habitually enthusiastic people are never so happy as when they are endeavoring to save you from yourself. It is, however, fortunate that the passion which informs such persons, is one of peculiar instability and caprice. Their ambition is to be doing, no matter what, so that the blood be exercised; and uninformed by principle, and without any special object in their ministry, they so divide their industry among the many, as to render endurable the sufferings of each. A firm show of resistance soon banishes the tormentor, who does not feel any defeat or disappointment in being compelled to transfer his dispensations from Jack to Jonathan.

SINCERITY.

Our loves are but the mirrors of our lives. Our affections go with our virtues. We do not truly honor the beauty which we do not seek. No one acknowledges the Deity to whom he does not somewhere construct an altar.

ZEAL.

Zeal too frequently commits the error of cupidity, in its eagerness to realize its fruits. The history of the Jesuits would furnish the most admirable example for the training of the zealot, so that his hand shall never close upon his bird a moment before the time. To plant the seed and wait patiently for the growth, is one of the loveliest studies of religion. It is faith alone that is ever suffered to behold the dead staff blossom full of leaves.

CRUDE VIRTUES.

What we call vice in our neighbor may be nothing less than a crude virtue. To him who knows nothing more of precious stones than he can learn from a daily contemplation of his breast-pin, a diamond in the mine must be a very unpromising sort of stone.

VERSE.

It is thought strange that poets should write verse before prose; but verse is the natural language of the poet. His freedom, spirit and grace of expression, come to him in metrical compositions, much sooner than in the ordinary forms of speech. Rhythm is his vernacular, and it requires some effort and much practice, even when he would write prose, to avoid running into the regular cadences of verse.

USES OF TOMTITS.

I really cannot see why a fop should not be considered quite as necessary to the human family as a philosopher. He has his uses, if only to be laughed at. He may not be useful to many, but he is apt to be agreeable to more; and he who pleases, is quite as dear as he who serves us. Nobody quarrels with the jay, because you cannot devour him with the same satisfaction which a partridge gives on table; and the silly tomtit, if not so venerable a bird as the owl, is less destructive to the chickens. I suppose that fops and dandies bear just about the same relation to the human family as jays, parrots, and such like, to the feathered tribes. Wits, and mimics,

and satirists, may be likened to mocking-birds; statesmen and philosophers, to owls and other birds that see by night; politicians to bats and sparrow-hawks; and warriors to vultures, eagles, and other voracious feeders, carrying great beaks, big beards and brows, and awfully long teeth and talons.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The present is always an eminence, yet who that stands upon it is ever quite satisfied with the provinces within his vision? In due degree with our years, we look forward or backward, upward or around. To the old, the heights most precious are those upon which the sunshine rests, the mellow lights of evening, gleaming faintly upon the mountain tops behind: to the young, they are those of morning, shining gaily upon the purple summits that stretch away before. Neither is satisfied with the eminences gained, the one at the cost of a life, the other of a hope, and both at the peril of equal life and hope.

GOOD AND EVIL GENII.

The Indians fable, that there is always one hour in the twenty-four when the good genius of a man

deserts him, being compelled in that time to fly to Heaven for instructions. In that hour, should his evil genius happen to find it out, he can ruin him with all imaginable ease. It is the misfortune of some men, that the good genius deserts them most of the time, and it is the evil principle that only leaves them for an hour. This brief space of time affords the better genius but little opportunity. With such persons, self strives ever against self—the right hand against the left—and each day brings its own suicide of soul. They need no enemy for their destruction, and, with a strange and mistaken charity for the devil, anticipate his efforts and lighten his labors.

PERFORMANCE.

To suppose that nothing remains to be done, is to assume that we are perfect. If life consist in self-development, the labor cannot cease except with life itself. Each day brings its own duty, and every step, forwards and upwards, but shows us new plains to cross and new heights to overcome.

PACUVIUS.

They tell a scandalous story of Pacuvius, the

Roman dramatist. He had three wives, all of whom hanged themselves;—a remarkable felicity of fortune, it was said by the Stoics—but not more remarkable than the additional circumstance, that they all hanged themselves on the very same tree. Pacuvius one day lamented this fortune to his friend Attius, another poet, who had never had but the one wife; and she, it seems, had never shown the slightest disposition to hang herself anywhere, unless around the neck of her husband. Attius confounded the complaining bard by earnestly begging for a slip of the same tree, that he might set it out in his own garden. The story is more compactly versified by our satirist.

> Pacuvius thus lamented to his friend:—
> "On the same tree my three wives made their end;—
> His wedded friend had ready sympathy—
> "Ah! to my garden pray transplant that tree!"

ROMAN HIGHWAYS.

The highest proofs remaining to the world of Roman genius and strength, are in the magnificence of their highways. Milton has given us a bird's-eye view of their extent, and the wondrous regions to which they conducted. But it should not be denied to a humbler muse to bear testimony also.

We cannot see the end, which yet we know,
The wondrous end! Thither our footsteps seek
The Northern countries, by the Emilian way
Even to the British West. The Appian road
Could the eye follow, would conduct its flight
Where the East opens the broad gates of day!—
—And this is Conquest—to ascend the peak,
To pierce stern rocks, and bid wild waters flow,
Lay bare the forest paths, and send abroad
Swift messengers,—it may be with the scourge,
Needful the fiery savage to subdue,
Ere from the barren of his mental night,
To the great consciousness, he may emerge,
Of what in nature and himself is true!

SOLITUDE.

He who goes into the Solitude, seeking its securities, goes into his own heart and entreats God to its examination. Let such persons lay it honestly bare, without reservation or concealment, and no doubt all its hurts will be made whole. But the security which one seeks must be in the nature of a surrender and a sacrifice; and in laying his heart thus bare, he must be prepared to fling away the worser part as a burnt offering, to "live the purer with the better half."

SEVERITY OF JUDGMENT.

The indignation which we proclaim at the faults and errors of our neighbor, is always loud in due degree with our anxiety to conceal our own deficiencies of the same description. We would all of us seem desirous to avoid the danger of suspicion and detection, by showing that we at least have no reluctance to hurl the first stone. It would be the most terrible misfortune to the wrong-doer, were he always yielded up to the tender mercies of those who are themselves guilty.

WITNESSES AGAINST US.

Have I any reason to doubt that the bird which chirrups in my evening walk, as if thus decreed to be the minister to my happiness, is also conscious that I enjoy his attentions, and that his antics and his song are not in vain? If thus decreed to minister, he is probably not ignorant of his uses, and knows my duties as he does his own. Alas! if this be true, what thousand witnesses exist against us, whom we have never feared, who can testify to our improvidence, our hardness of heart, our profligacy and wantonness—our selfish enjoyment of the bless-

ing, without making the acknowledgment — our thoughtless indifference to the humble servant who has served without favor, and has perished without reward.

THE WORST ENEMIES.

Our worst enemies are those who have wronged us and whom we have forgiven. Their continued hostility is only a proof that they have not yet forgiven themselves.

WANTS AND NECESSITIES.

Our absolute necessity is one thing which we need not here consider. But the numerous wants of man are due quite as much to his social condition as to his nature. It is not inconsistent with a proper humility that he should desire to sustain himself in the estimation of his caste and family; nor is there any reproach to his religion, if, while he neglects no becoming duty or relation, he seeks still to rise above the social condition in which he finds himself.

IMPOLICY OF INFERIOR STANDARDS.

There can be no greater error in the policy of society, than in placing too humble an estimate upon

humanity. To suppose men base is to make them so. It is in proportion to the exactions and expectations of society that they rise or fall. We endow the individual to whom we open the moral vista; we drive him to utter despair if we show the gates shut against him. To insist upon his susceptibilities for excellence, is in most cases to make him excel. We may punish a fault, but not by exposure. To disgrace the offender is to destroy him. Eugene Sue makes a case of this sort in the instance of Chourineur, who is rescued from the stews of Paris, by being simply taught that, whatever his vices and degradation, *he has not lost his honor;* has not sunk into obtuseness in regard to his condition, and is not beyond regeneration and redemption. Would you have your beast become a man, do not forget your own humanity—would you have him a gentleman, treat him as if you thought it easy for him to become one!

VANITY.

Vanity is, perhaps, one of the most perfect sources of the amiable. Those who live upon the praises of their neighbors, must expect to pay for them. They are amiable and solicitous, indulgent

and agreeable,—for a consideration. Deny these persons the aliment they seek—only suggest a doubt of their perfection—and the shock you give to self-esteem endangers the whole fabric of its virtues. To be truly amiable, one must show that he does not lose his temper in the mortification of his vanity—a painful test which very amiable people find it difficult to undergo.

PROGRESS IN RELIGION.

Why should religion not be as susceptible of *progress* as any other of our human interests? Every day brings with it a new revelation, which needs to be incorporated with the faith which we profess. Should not the Church accommodate herself to the intellectual advances of the race, if only to meet the demands of a higher condition of the mental nature? It was thus, step by step, in ancient times, as the Jews made progress, that new prophets appeared to gather up the proofs, and work them into the common law of doctrine. A certain condition reached, and God vouchsafed them the Saviour, bringing with him the proofs of the immortality of the soul, and the necessity, as well as the means, of salvation. In the abundance of present doctrine,

there seems no progress. This is one of the great sources of lukewarmness in a flock. The mind is taught a progress in all other matters. The intellect has gone beyond the heart. The faith keeps no pace with the thought of man, which, it seems to me, it might do. It certainly would not impair the future destinies of the individual, if, through superior sagacity, or a more fortunate inspiration, he should become conscious, while in his mortal state, of some few more of those spiritual truths which he is fated to realize in the future.

HOPES OF THE FUTURE.

What, less than the hope of meeting them again, could console us in this life for the loss of relations and friends. The desire which we feel, is perhaps the best evidence which we can have, that such will be the case. This is the consolation, too, that waits upon death, disarming many of the terrors that throng about the anxious spirit, on the verge of its own departure. We look with eager hope to the crowd that we expect to welcome us, and thus cheerfully resign ourselves to the separation from the crowd to whom we bid farewell. On either hand there is a hope as well as a tie.

THE LIFE JOURNEY.

It is an open path that we are all travelling, though it closes in a forest. To all, the path is more or less agreeable; for few, it seems, are anxious that it should terminate. The forest, and the sights and scenes that we may there encounter, may well occasion us to pause. How doubtful,—how terrible is the doubt! Happy he, who, looking forward with hope and inward assurance, can see glimpses of the green fields opening beyond in the sunlight!

TEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

The tears of childhood invigorate the affections, even as the tempest clears a pathway for the sun in heaven. They disperse the clouds which settle about the head and heart, and bring back the morning even in the closing of the day.

ORIGIN.

No doubt, if one looks back sufficiently far, he will find a base beginning for his stock. But one whom we find always looking back to the original puddle, would prove to us that his peril lay in having a base conclusion also.

PETTY CARES.

Petty cares make one selfish and querulous. He can only rise above them, with an equable mood, who can keep his passions in subjection to his intellect.

EFFECT OF TROUBLES.

Small necessities and inferior trials affect the temper rather than the heart. It is the great trouble only that, seizing the heart by the roots, and riving it in all its arteries, as the tempest rends and rives the oak, informs the mortal nature with a sweet humanity.

TEACHING AND TRAINING.

Events, however small, in the lives of children, are things of more vast importance to the race, than those leading occurrences which make the nations anxious. The occurrences of childhood, more or less, involve principles; and these are never insignificant matters, though they take place in trifles, and relate to sports and toys. A principle is never a small matter. A principle may be regarded as the parent of a thousand dependencies, which, like

other subordinates, would be unruly, were not the governing power there to keep them in order. A fixed principle guides the subordinate thoughts of the mind, or they rob it of all sanity. Thus, the power which propels the steamboat and the stage—which provides a city with bread, or consumes it—is a single power, and only works in these different ways, and for these different objects, however distinct, in obedience to the solitary agency to which they are subject. A principle impressed upon the child, through the medium of those trifling events of which his early life is commonly made up, becomes a habit—as much so as the washing his face and hands of a morning. It forms for his government, what we call, *a standard of the mind.* By this standard of the mind, which, as a habit, is familiar, and at his fingers' ends at all times, he is enabled to determine upon his proper conduct, and what he should do, however novel or unusual may be his situation. If, for example, his father has made it a point with him to speak the truth at all times, and under every circumstance — as every father should do—if he has tutored him to look upon falsehood as odious and mean, and upon every form of evasion as not only immoral, but unbecoming to

manhood—the boy so taught, in after life may be trusted safely. I care not in what situation you place him, he will never go aside from the standards of mind which have been given, however far he may be removed from the eye of the parent, and however far beyond the reach of parental favor or reproof. Solomon, a very respectable authority in ancient times, was never more correct than when he said, "*train* up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Mark me,—he does not say *teach*, but *train*. There is a world-wide difference in the meaning of these two words. The world now *teaches* all and *trains* none at all.

MANHOOD.

To be conscious of all the peril, toil, and defeat, and yet resolutely press on to the encounter, in the hope of the ultimate triumph, that is the most consummate manhood,—the highest proof of moral endowment,—faith and courage. I give the maxim a portable form in a sonnet.

I know that I must struggle, and I know
That sorrow in that struggle must be mine,

And with denial I must chafe and pine!—
My nature and the world decree it so!—
But shall I from the progress backward go?
My hand upon the ploughshare, shall my heart
Shrink from the toil because the toil be great,
And there are those who, striving, cry "Depart!
Lest you provoke our ridicule and hate!"
This were to fight with fortune against fate;—
A harder conflict than to struggle on,
Still falling, and arising but to fall,
But still to rise and struggle, firm through all,
Growing stronger with each foot of progress won!

SPRINGS OF THE HEART.

The heart, like some exhaustless reservoir, is so happily supplied by secret springs, that its fulness keeps even pace with the draughts which are made upon it. It always possesses in due proportion as it imparts. It is one of the most wonderful qualities in nature, that she bestows nothing where it is not needed; and so jealous does she show herself, in the midst of all her bounty, of all unbecoming waste, that the faculty left unexercised, is soon withdrawn from the improvident possessor. Not to lose, therefore, we must be prompt to use.

POLITICIANS AND PEOPLE.

Politicians are apt to think that the best argument

for the people is not that which is true, or that which should be taught, but that only which they are most anxious to believe.

OCCASION AND PRINCIPLE.

He shall go wrong who goes not with the occasion, and steer at random who steers not by the polar star of truth and principle.

PITY.

Punishment is by no means inconsistent with pity. They know not what they do, is no reason why they should not be made to know.

ORIENTAL POETRY.

Excluding that of the Bible, though we need not make any exception in regard to the Songs of Solomon, the poetry of the East is marked by Fancy in extreme degree, and never by Imagination, which equally implies depth of search and audacity of wing. Here is a sample, from the Arabic, of a poet who mingles no little logic with his love.

Leila, thou fly'st me like a dove,
When I pursue thee with my love;
I give thy speed of wings to thee,
Then wherefore shouldst thou fly from me?

Whene'er thou meet'st me, in thy cheeks
The rose's blush thy fear bespeaks—
Beneath my glance that rose-blush grows,
And he should reap, alone, who sows.

Sweet Leila, sporting in the shade,
I watch thee long, beloved maid—
Ah! set mine eyes thy prisoners free,
Or make thine own my jailers be.

And wherefore kiss yon budding flow'r?—
To kiss thee back it hath no power!
Shouldst thou bestow such kiss on me,
I should not thus ungrateful be.

Deep in the fountain, clad in grace,
Thy white arms plash with fond embrace;
The fountain clasps thee not again—
Thou shouldst not clasp me thus in vain.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

A BALLAD.

The first four lines of this little song, forms the burden to an old English melody, which was quite popular in its season—and may be again.

I.

"Sigh no more, ladies—sigh no more,
Men were deceivers, ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never;"—

They rove, they range, from Sal to Sue,
And offer vows in plenty,
But nothing bound by aught they do.
There's not one true in twenty.
Sigh no more, ladies.

II.

'Tis but a common game they play,
And love itself 's a pastime;
They win your stakes, and speed away,
But never for the last time;—
Would you be safe, adopt, like us,
The roving lover's maxim;
First win, then sing your lover thus,
No matter how it racks him—
Sigh no more, &c.

III.

To sigh and whine will never do,—
He mocks while you are grieving—
To find the damsel's heart is true,
But makes his own deceiving.
His passion's but a practised part,
And you in turn must act yours;
Lest, flying off, with perfect heart,
He boasts that he has sacked yours.

IGNORANCE OF GREATNESS.

It is the erroneous belief and doctrine of many of our statesmen and philosophers, that the world is,

at all times, in profound ignorance of its own resources. "The world," says Mr. Taylor, in his Philip Van Artevilde—

"The world has never known its greatest men."

This is a very consoling philosophy for that innumerable crowd of illustrious obscures, who would be thought great, without acting greatness—who would receive the wages without doing the work. Now, there could be nothing so startling—perhaps nothing so untrue, in the line, were it written—

"The *time* has *seldom* known its greatest men."

A great man is one who, in some sense or other, adds to the world's possessions; be it in government, in poetry, or in philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder, a creator, a planter, an inventor—in some sort, a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seemed willing or prepared to do. Now, it is very certain that the world really loses none of its possessions. A truth once known, is known for ever. It is an immortality, as well as a property; and he who makes it known, is known with that which he discovers and because of his discovery. He possibly

gives it his name! It does not alter the case very materially, to show that the name is sometimes mistaken, misapplied, confounded with another. The *supposed* discoverer receives the prize of the discovery, and whether we call him Columbus or Americus, it matters little in affecting the universal acknowledgment that it is obviously the intention of the world to make to his memory. But it is very seldom, indeed, that the *mere time* is ignorant of the merits of its great men. These may be baffled, denied, not successful in what would seem to be the aim in their endeavor; but the very fact that their lives are struggles—that there is opposition—earnest, angry opposition,—perhaps persecution, and a bloody death—these are sufficient proofs that the world acknowledges the greatness—which provokes its fear, its jealousy, its various passions of envy, or hostility, or suspicious apprehension. No truth ever yet failed because of the martyrdom of its teacher; and the life of the teacher, and his glory, lie in the ultimate success of the truth which he taught, and not within the miserable limit of his seventy years of earthly allotment. It is one quality of true greatness, to be always at work; pushing its truth forward; never sleeping; never doubting; always

pressing on to the consummation of its final object! A man may die before his work is utterly done! Some truths require the lives of successive generations of great men, before they are perfected, so as to become clear and useful in the inferior understanding of the million. Each of these workers has his share in the glory; not, perhaps, when the structure is completed, but during the several stages of its progress—though that glory be, itself, nothing greater, and nothing less, than the opposition and reproach, the persecution and misrepresentation, which he encounters in the world-fight for ever going on between the subjects of routine-tyranny and the prophets of the better faith. The world knows all these great men, preserves their labors, and consecrates their fame. The time, itself, though unbelieving, is never improvident; for it preserves the history of its own unbelief; the penalties which it inflicted; and the constancy, firm faith, and unflagging resolution of the martyr; and from these come the human glory in other generations. There is in man an inherent sentiment of justice. This will work out its way. I conscientiously believe that man never yet toiled for man, that he did not ultimately receive his acknowledgments; and this

working for our race, constitutes the only sure claim upon which we may reasonably expect the gratitude either of our fellows or of the future!

STYLE.

You hear a great deal said about the detection of a writer by his style; but this is sheer nonsense. An author of any skill and experience can make his style what he pleases, and impose on whom he will. No doubt, when he has no motive for concealment, and when the plan of his work is one with which he has made his public familiar, you may read him then as easily as his book. But, the truth is, that every species of composition calls for its own language. There is a style proper to the book itself, to the object which the writer has in view, and to the tone which he determines to employ—and artistical necessity requires that he should acknowledge all of these, in the peculiar mode in which he gives them form. His style must vary with his subject, and with the particular mood in which his conception has been obtained. In other words, every book must have its own style, peculiar to *its* character, rather than to that of the writer, and the author may show just as much, or just as little of himself, as he thinks proper.

EARNESTNESS.

Habitual earnestness is necessary to a successful prosecution of the business of life, no matter of what character. But to be exceedingly, or even moderately earnest, in trifles, is apt to make the person unamiable. Pursued beyond a certain point in society, and earnestness becomes asperity. We should never forget that an argument urged to a conclusion where we are to gain nothing but a triumph over the pride or the ignorance of another, is a victory won at the expense of a virtue.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is one of those commodities which are sold at a thousand shops, and bought by a thousand customers, but of which nobody ever fairly finds possession. Either they know not well how to use, or the commodity will not keep, for no one has ever yet appeared to be satisfied with his bargain. It is too subtle for transition, though sufficiently solid for sale.

FITNESS OF THINGS.

I suppose that many persons would envy the bird

his song, his wing, and his freedom, were it not that grubs are by no means a favorite dish. It were to be wished that where the uses of the man were wanting, we could prompt him to those of the bird, or even of the grub.

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE.

There are some people in the world who, still thinking what they shall do, do nothing because of their thinking. They act, it may be, on the return of the great comets. Ordinarily, their sole employment seems to consist in beating against every star in the heavens.

DEAD WEIGHTS.

The wonder is, not that the world is so easily governed, but that so small a number of persons will suffice for the purpose. There are dead weights in political and legislative bodies as in clocks, and hundreds answer as pulleys who would never do for politicians.

POPULATION.

A people never fairly begins to prosper till necessity is treading on its heels. The growing want of

room is one of the sources of civilization. Population is power, but it must be a population that, in growing, is made daily apprehensive of the morrow.

CONSIDERATION.

The only true source of politeness is *consideration*—that vigilant moral sense which never loses sight of the rights, the claims, and the sensibilities of others. This is the one quality, over all others, necessary to make the gentleman.

GRATITUDE.

A proper gratitude assumes that you will give the shell to him who has furnished you with the oyster.

CONSOLATION OF MERIT.

It may console us, and it was probably intended that it should, that our merit, if not duly appreciated by our associates, seldom escapes our own penetration.

PARAGRAPHS.

Great men are monstrously afraid of little paragraphs, as the noblest steed may be goaded into madness by the insects that fasten on his rear.

EQUANIMITY.

Keep your mind, as Seneca counsels, always above the moon, and you will never suffer from the rising or falling of the tides.

PRAYERS TO FORTUNE.

What man would be fortunate or happy if Jupiter listened to all his prayers.

PATRIOTISM.

There are in the world at least two sorts of patriotism, and though they occupy opposite extremes in morals, it is yet very hard for ordinary men to distinguish between them. The one is true, the other false. The one *may* be seen, the other is always to be heard. The one carries his public love in his heart and shows it in his actions; the other upon his tongue and discovers it in his speech. The one is solid, and strives without ceasing; the other is shadowy, and is always too busy to work. The one is unpromising, the other full of promise. The one thinks, the other talks. The one has no family but his country; the other no country but his family. The one sits late in council; the other gets late

to council. The one appropriates the public money for the public good, the other for his own. The one waits the necessity to spend it; the other makes the necessity. The one leaves the public service a beggar; the other beggars it. But the false patriot is a dexterous imitator of the true. He speaks justly the principles which the other practises. Everybody will allow that he knows what is right—that he is a famous orator—and that, if not a patriot, it is only because his own ideal is too admirable for any common mortal to approach.

CONSERVATISM AND PROGRESS.

In politics, that sort of conservatism which opposes progress, is only a patriotic sort of suicide. Fancy the venerable gray-beard, with tottering limbs and crutch extended, feebly striving to arrest the wheels of the locomotive under full head of steam. It is a miserable selfishness, as well as blindness, that would arrest the movement which, having served our generation, we decree should enure to the benefit of none succeeding. There is only one sort of political conservatism that has any value. It is one that will recognise the movement, and leaping into the seat of the driver, will take part in guiding

it with skill and courage. To attempt to arrest it wholly, is only to perish under the wheels.

PROOF OF SENATORIAL WISDOM.

Here is a premise worked out to its just conclusion:

> A maxim owned without demur—
> Who speaks but little, wise we call:
> How very wise our Senator,—
> He's never heard to speak at all.

This forbearance of "our Senator" may be, in the present condition of the country, a sufficient proof of wisdom, to justify us in construing the epigram into literal language, and making it a tribute rather than a satire. There are few senators, either in our State or National Legislatures, to whom this verse would apply; and when we consider what is said by those who do speak, it is by no means a strained conjecture that the silent member is the wisest. The great proofs of wisdom in an orator are in knowing the "when," and "where," and "how much." These proofs are seldom shown by our senators. The senator, therefore, who knows the "how little," is clearly not deficient in wisdom. We move to amend.

POETRY.

Poetry so far adopts the vague as to studiously forbear the literal. The more literal the poet, the more common-place, and of consequence the less poetical. Original ideas necessarily imply an original phraseology. But Poetry loses nothing of her force of speech by her indirectness. It is the wondrous property of the imagination to seize upon the most imposing forms of the subject by the least notorious processes. She first rises, like the eagle, or the vulture, *above* the prey upon whom she designs to *descend*.

WILL.

We believe very much as we will, in spite of the philosophers. This is certainly the case where the subject is the merits of our neighbor. Perhaps the very best test of the feeling which we have for him, is to note in what degree the mention of his good fortune makes us angry and dissatisfied, or pleased.

DEPTH OF A PHILOSOPHER.

How *deep* was that quaint philosopher, Gregory Nazianzen, who drowned himself in the Euripus to ascertain the cause of its frequent rising through

the day? Over his head—beyond his depth—certainly.

AIM.

The ambition which aims too moderately, is quite as liable to defeat as that which aims too low. The eagle finds the sheep a better mark than he would the moth.

COMFORT.

It is only in the decline of a nation's energies that *comfort* becomes its prevailing passion. Strength of any kind is sure to disdain comfort.

IDLENESS.

Habitual and utter idleness can only result in idiocy; but we should err in always assuming him to be idle whom we never see at work.

MUSIC.

It is quite curious to know that few poets know anything of music or appreciate it very highly. It is seldom that they understand it, and quite as seldom that they compose or perform it. Milton and Moore are almost the only exceptions in the whole circle of the British Parnassus. The vulgar idea is that

poetry and music are much of the same nature, and that the individual possessing one must necessarily possess the other; but this is rarely the case. Poets know little or nothing of music, and musicians are most generally very ignorant of, and indifferent to, poetry. The truth is, they assimilate in but one respect—that of harmony; and while poetry appeals chiefly to the intellectual, spiritual, and moral nature, the persuasions of music are addressed almost wholly to the sensuous. Music as it tempers the passions and produces a calm of the mood and the will, soothes and prepares the way for the moral agencies. In this respect it assimilates with the mathematical. Mathematics and music are, indeed, very frequently found in alliance.

SUKEY ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Sukey is certainly pretty,
With just such a figure and air,
As prompt, in the streets of the city,
The gallant to turn round and stare;
She has eyes which in mischief can lighten,
And lips, that, when parting, would seem,
As if chiefly intended to brighten,
And warm up an anchorite's dream.

But Sukey, when walking the city,
And Sukey at home, let me say,
Seldom shows herself equally pretty—
Seldom hooks while beguiling the prey.
When she gazes, you feel her most charming,
And are ready to fall at her feet;
But she speaks, and the shock is alarming,
And you only feel safe in the street.

SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

To discover what are the susceptibilities of things, is the business of science. It is in susceptibilities of *thoughts*, as well as *things*, that the poet and the philosopher find their proper vocation.

JUSTICE TO CHILDREN.

The child, conscious of no ill intention, and erring in judgment only, at once withdraws his sympathies from, and his confidence in, the parent, as well as the tutor, who, in their treatment of his fault, will not discriminate justly, and recognise this moral distinction in his conduct. We are not only required to teach justice to children, but to teach it in the most impressive manner, by always dealing with them justly.

KIND WORDS IN SEASON.

So that they be in season, it matters not how simple are the flowers that one gathers from the wayside. A kind word, when the heart needs it, is always grateful, though the grammar be very bad of him who speaks it.

EGOTISM.

It is in the conceit and selfishness of philosophy that the condition of poverty is ever preferred. Timon was simply a monster of egotism, and, in his way, quite as worthless and immoral as his sycophants. Philanthropy loses half the value of its virtue denied the means of fully exercising it.

WEAPON.

As long as the wit will suffice, you should hide the weapon. The blow is the brute argument, proper only when the brains fail. It is the ass only whose first salutation is made by his heels.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Gold and silver are metals quite too heavy for us to carry to heaven; but, in good hands, they can be made to pave the way to it.

NEIGHBORLY HELP.

He is the best help to his neighbor who shows him the way to help himself.

HOSTILITY OF ENGLAND.

The delight with which the British press hails everything which is hostile to, or abusive of this country, deserves its comment. It is to be remarked that this hostility is shown in due degree with the progress which we make to power. It justifies our apostrophe.

> It argues evil for thy future deeds,
> And present glory, England, to behold
> The joy it gives thee to believe thy sons
> Degenerate, and the American grown base,
> Sprung from thy stocks, and sharing with thyself
> The patrimonial honors. When we see
> The broad grin on thy visage, at the tale
> Of thy own hirelings, happy to dilate,
> In the salacious narrative, that speaks
> As often for their falsehood as our shame.
> Oh! these but mock thy wretched appetite,
> Cannot sustain, will cumber, sink thee down
> In double weight of infamy, though now
> They triumph in thy sad encouragement;
> The exulting sneer, and the applauding smile
> That compensates the pensioned profligate,
> For his poor jest and miserable lie.

THE ILIAD.

AN EPIGRAM FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Tearing the crown from old Homer, and counting
the long list of sires,
From his Poem eternal and true,
Still, in its traits they discover the features of *one*
mother only,
Oh! Nature, eternal in thee.

BŒOTIA.

Bœotia's luxuries wrought Bœotia's shame,
And dulled the genius that was born to Fame.

THE FOOL'S FUTURE.

EPIGRAM FROM THE ITALIAN OF MACCHIAVELLI.

Pierre Soderini died;—that very night,
At Hell's wide mouth, he showed his silly face;
"Hence," Pluto cried, disgusted at the sight,
"To the fool's limbo—that's thy proper place."

BEAUTY AND JOY.

AN EPIGRAM FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

If thou hast never seen Beauty, in moments of
anguish and sorrow,
Then hast thou never the Beautiful seen!

If thou hast never seen Joy as it shines in the face
of the Beautiful,
Then is the Joyous a presence most strange to
thine eyes!

THE GOOD WIFE.

VERSIFIED FROM PROVERBS.

The Lord hath many daughters,
That virtuously achieve,
But thou excellest all, for thou
Dost labor and believe.

Thou know'st how vain is beauty,
How false the charms of sense,
And serving God with truth, thou hast
His praise and recompense.

Thy husband's praises shall be thine;
The children of thy breast,
Thus taught, shall in their love arise,
And fondly call thee blessed.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

We are advocates, at such a season as the present, for the Italian luxury, described in the language of

their people, as the "sweet of doing nothing." Our lives are really inconsistent with our climate. That counsels us, just now, to a life like the lilies. "They toil not, neither do they spin." Are we to toil always? Is there to be no season of repose, when we may drink in the fragrance of orange groves, and yield ourselves to the embraces of the breeze, and take no concern about anything besides? We are of opinion that a climate is rendered oppressive at certain periods, only that we should be compelled to forbear exertion, and simply submit ourselves to life, snatching up its passing blessings as fast as we can. We are aware that this is not the usual morality which is taught us by the schools, the books, the fathers, and our masters generally. But we would simply guard against extremes in our more indulgent teachings. We may work and toil too much, quite as certainly as we may trifle and play too much; until the brain and body both grow weary with exhaustion, and the sense of weariness becomes a sickness, and the work of recuperation becomes impossible. There never, perhaps, was a people in the world, so steadfast to its daily toils as the American. Repose from toil is reluctantly accorded to the fainting frame, and the listless, languid spirit. We

give ourselves no respite, and day in and day out, our hammer sounds upon the rock and anvil, and our fingers work with the knife, or adze, or pen, or pencil, until all aches in head and heart, and a gloomy leaden sky seems to weigh us down, pressing us prematurely into the earth. We toil thus that we may *live*, as if anybody, with his wits about him, should call this *life!* We should be more indulgent to ourselves and one another; take and give more leisure;—that we may, in an idleness like that of the lily, array ourselves somewhat in its beauty also. English and American might both borrow valuable counsels of this sort, from the precept and practice of the livelier races on the Continent of Europe. There is surely a time for the "*Dolce far niente*," and, if so, what season so appropriate as the present, when the breeze comes to us grudgingly, and the sun flames over us like the angel carrying the sword at the gates of Eden; and the shade woos us to repose, and the solitude alone is sweetened with the song of peace.

HORACE ON BEVERAGES.

For the original, of which this is a very free paraphrase, see Ode xviii., *ad Varum*. The transla-

tion was originally addressed to Mr. Junius Smith (recently deceased), who had introduced the tea culture into South Carolina. The Reedy River runs through the beautiful village of Greenville, a lovely mountain stream, worthy of a poet. Paris is the name of a mountain near it.

TO JUNIUS SMITH, TEA PLANTER, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Oh! Junius, though you plant the tea,
The vine is still the plant for me;
And, by the Reedy's banks and near
The Mount of Paris may you rear
The Scuppernong,—more gladly quaffed,
By thousands, than your Chinese draught.
For Jove hath wisely well decreed,
That he who loves not rosy wine,
Shall still lack comfort in his need,
And with a constant cross repine.
'Tis still the grape's rich juice that brings
Oblivion of life's vexing things.
Who, with his wine beside him, thinks
Of want and war? He bravely drinks,
Toasts Bacchus, and to Venus lifts
His cup, with thanks for other gifts.
Thus, your philosopher, who still
Restrains himself, nor drinks his fill,
Content as man, and not as beast,
To joy, not wallow, in his feast,—
To Centaur and Lapithæ leaves
Base drunkenness and brutal strife,

Nor in the extreme indulgence grieves,
Which shames the soul and shorts the life!
Bacchus, himself, still chides th' excess,
That knows not when, in time, to pause,
Restrain the lusts that still would press,
And Passion keep 'neath proper laws.
But not for me, O! Bacchus! now,
To move thee to an angry brow,
Or chafe thee into wrath with those,
Who wrong thy rights, who know not thee,
Wallow in wine, or drink but tea,
Both fools, and equally thy foes!
Yet do thou lesson Junius Smith,
Make him discard his Chinese *horn;*
Show him thyself, no ancient myth,
As brave a prince as e'er was born;
And, for these Temperance folks, misnamed,
Make them of arrogance ashamed,
And gross injustice done thy rites:—
Show them, how much more wisely, they
Might quaff thy bowl, and love thy sway,
Yet, sober go to bed o' nights!—
That Temperance teaches still the use,
Forbears the excess, and all abuse,
Yet nought denies that cheers the blood;
Takes all the gifts that heaven provides,
Tries all things, and with sense decides,
To stick to what it still finds good—
Whether Gunpowder or Souchong,
Soda, or juice of Scuppernong!

GOVERNMENT TINKERS.

The world is full of tinkers in government, as if the manufacture of laws and institutions were a less difficult matter, requiring less genius and thought, than the invention of machinery. Philosophers—so called—in their closets,—and politicians along the highways, are continually concocting; and yet there is no success—no stability! But here lies the grand point of difficulty. The statesman who expects stability in his forms of government, while the people themselves are daily advancing to new conquests in mind, morals, and machinery, might as well be an antediluvian. He certainly is no statesman for his day. Hence the absurdity, which we daily witness, of self-complacent politicians, who are continually insisting upon their superior pretensions to govern the present, because of their superior familiarity with the past. The true governor for the present is one who has gone beyond it in its own tendencies. The essential properties of a government are those which accord with the habits, the necessities, and the conditions of the people—which refer not to the stock from which they sprung, nor to the labors which they have already achieved,

but to those, which, under the stimulating presence of their peculiar genius, they are still capable of achieving. It is because of the stationary character of their governments that nations decline and finally perish. It is a law of nature that we should retrograde the moment we cease to go forward. We should always beware of that fatal delusion which makes us fancy we are perfect. There is no progress, no improvement after that! There is, or should be, a daily revolution going on in all human affairs, or the wheels of a nation become choked, and the body politic stagnates; at the same time, caution must be taken that, in avoiding one, we do not fall into the other extreme. There is such a thing as firing one's vehicle by the too rapid motion of its wheels.

IMPUTATION OF MOTIVES.

He who in any affair assumes an unworthy motive for the action of his neighbor, would probably, under like conditions, have felt the same motive as the only impelling cause for his own performance. It is only when called upon to accord credit to our neighbors that we are apt to deny them the benefit of our own standards.

BLANK VERSE.

It is worthy of remark, that very few of the poets most distinguished by their smoothness, have ever written in blank verse. Pope, Goldsmith, Moore, are striking examples. Campbell is another, with a slight exception. He *has* written *two* small poems without rhyme,—the "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's," and the apostrophe to "The Dead Eagle at Oran,"—but these are very inferior, and prove his difficult execution in the unwonted department. Blank verse, more than any other species of poetry, as it discards wholly the adventitious aid of the rhyme, requires the nicest perfection of ear. Every line must be perfect in itself, or a painful discord runs through the whole sentence, and frequently affects the virtue of an entire paragraph. It is accordingly easier to write in any measure than in blank verse. Rhyme, itself, is rather a help than an obstacle, since the regularly recurring termination operates as a sort of rudder, which guides the ear to the euphonious conclusion. The master of blank verse can manage any sort of verse.

PRAYER.

We say many things to ourselves that we do not

ourselves believe. Who, for example, praying daily that his life may be still farther spared, ever seriously apprehends that he may die before the dawn? The very frequency with which a regular form of prayer is repeated, tends measurably to diminish the just impression which it should make upon our minds. We pray, unfortunately, rather from habit than from will or thought, while the very idea of prayer presupposes a present and earnest interest in the act which we perform. We obey a law and custom rather than declare a wish or a fear. No doubt this is evil, yet it is not altogether evil. Better we should pray habitually than curse habitually. There is a farther advantage in the practice. The habitual utterance of a sentiment, in our own ears only, makes it a law unto ourselves. What the memory adopts, is apt to become a principle. This we habitually recognise whenever the exigency comes home to us. Sometimes, even, it may occur to us while we pray, that we have invited God himself to an audience.

HOME.

The native place is not where the man is born, but where he takes root and flourishes. Thousands

in every land are compelled by the foreign influences of home to go abroad seeking a *native* place among strangers.

SYMPATHY.

The sympathy which professes to love the master, will never forget to feed his dog.

PRESUMPTION.

We may forgive ignorance, but not presumption. He who has nothing to say, should say nothing.

HELP HURTFUL.

Many sink because of the number who strive to save them.

DELIBERATION.

Deliberation is a virtue, but not after the battle is begun.

CHOICE BETWEEN TWO LIVES,

There are two lives, and one alone is ours,
And chosen, we must choose :—the one is fair,
A world of summer skies, and smiles, and flowers,
The other, dark with tempests and with care :—
Our will, in choice of these, declares our powers.

Is it thy pleasure, o'er the summer sea
To glide with noiseless power and easy sail,
Reluctant at the nobler sov'reignty
Of wind and wave, and the triumphant gale?
Then we part company,—for I should quail
At unperformance,—and my course must be,
Where the strife thickens,—where the meaner pale,
And back recoil, and nought but danger see,
Where Glory waves her flag, and Victory waits for me.

FITNESS OF LAWS.

The laws and institutions of a people, while they contemplate the probable destinies of that people, and the performances of which they are capable, must, at the same time, suit and address themselves to their existing condition. No government can be durable, the people of which are not prosperous. We hold this to be inevitable. It does not absolutely need, in order that this result should be reached, that the government, *per se*, should be in any respect defective. It may be, in all respects, a very perfect and symmetrical machine. Its grand defect lies in its want of fitness. It is enough that it does not suit the people. A benevolent government may

be a curse, while a tyranny in turn may be a blessing. These terms are simply conditional. In a certain condition of the Hebrews, God gave them rulers who scourged their vices by the exercise of others more atrocious. The sins of many were chastised by the superior despotism of the one. At another period, when they were better prepared for the advent of a higher truth, and a more lovely civilization, he vouchsafed them Christ.—I suspect that Cornelius Sylla knew, much better than the historians, what sort of laws suited the Roman people in the turbulent days of the Marian faction. In those days, Tarquin would be a more suitable ruler than Numa Pompilius. Such a man as Caius Marius would have been spurned from the Comitia in the primitive times of the Republic—when the public virtues were yet in full vigor of their youth, and the popular mind had not been corrupted by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the capricious despotism of standing armies. Yet, Marius and Sylla, monsters of cruelty though they were, had, respectively, their beneficial uses. Tyranny, in fact, wherever it successfully establishes itself, is the necessary growth of a rank moral condition of the people; and, even where it does not establish itself,

but merely starts up at periods to provoke uproar and to be cut down without struggle, it is yet beneficently provided, that it may keep the people constantly watchful of their virtues and constantly solicitous in their protection. The rank weeds that poison the fields of the farmer, having no obvious uses, may be, in like manner, put there, in order that he may be compelled to industry, and kept from flagging over his daily tasks. The cases are strict moral parallels, and of most valuable counsel. The histories of nations present us with the same corresponding truths; and we must conclude, therefore, among other things, that we make our own tyrannies —we are, substantially, our own tyrants.

> "Thus are we slaves and victims. Thus we make
> The tyrant who o'ercomes us. He is but
> The creature of our want—growing at need—
> The scourge that whips us for decaying virtue,
> And chastens to reform us."

It will be difficult to find, in the history of any nation, where the people are moved by the virtues of thrift and industry, the case of a successful tyranny, even for the briefest period. If this be the fact, what follows from it? Many things, indeed, each valuable in its place to know—but one thing

in particular—which is, that the overthrow of the individual tyrant, does, by no means, imply the overthrow of the tyranny. There is a succession, as regular as it is certain, so long as the people themselves remain the same. The tyrant is but the representative form of tyranny—an embodiment to the eye of that rank despotism which was foul and festering in each man's heart. Until that be purged out, the tyranny runs on and must prevail. We hear a great deal of the patriotism of Brutus in the murder of Cæsar. Yet, of what avail to Roman freedom was the death-blow which Brutus struck in the Capitol?—a death-blow, not to the oppression, but to its simple and natural agent! The answer to this question is a wholesome commentary. It is furnished by the long and ghastly line of the Cæsars —none half so noble as the original whom they had slain—which followed, with the certainty of upward-flying sparks—an armed and bloody host, more awful than that which gloomed and glared upon the seared eyeballs of Macbeth! That very blow of Brutus helped to perpetuate the tyranny. The work had to be done anew, and by meaner workmen—mere butchers—bad men—men of straw—stocks and stones only—but with just enough of will and

passion of their own as to keep them busy. The death of Julius Cæsar facilitated the progress of the tyranny, by putting off the day when, by the recuperative morals of the people, not yet exhausted, they might have availed themselves of the crisis brought about by their own indifference or sensuality. It certainly deprived the tyranny which scourged of all its grace, its nobleness, and the redeeming something of an educated humanity.

MATERNAL INFLUENCES.

It was Madame Campan, who, in reply to an inquiry of Napoleon, proposed the establishment of an institute for the education of mothers. The mother is, in most cases, and for obvious reasons, the *only* teacher of the morals of the young. The vital misfortune is, that she herself has never been taught, or has been taught erroneously. She is thus employed to perpetuate error to the future generations, and to sow and renew the future growth of evil, as Eve did at first. Many a fond parent has ignorantly brought her son to the gallows. The boy who bit off his mother's ear beneath the fatal tree, conveyed a terrible lesson to society, which, unhappily for the young, it will not learn.

LOVE OF SELF.

There is always one grand passion of the heart, in which every man is without a rival.

DIFFIDENCE OF TRUE MERIT.

People who possess the most, speak least of their virtues. It is he who distrusts himself that shows most anxiety to persuade others of his possessions.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience is the stile and stone in the highways, over which we bruise our shins, and endanger our necks. It is not until we have pained and perilled our limbs in this encounter with her obstructions, that we are prepared to traverse in safety the common roadstead.

SECRET OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

Lord Bacon puts the secret of national prosperity into a brief compass. He says: "There are three things which one nation selleth to another: the commodity as it is yielded by nature, the manufacture, and the *vecture* or carriage. So," says he, "if the three wheels go, wealth will flow in like a spring tide." We show up the same idea in our colloca-

tion, "Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures;" and the old doggrel puts the philosophy into a form scarcely less portable:

"Let the earth have cultivation,
Let the seas give circulation,
Art bestow manipulation,
And you build the mighty nation."

Mighty, perhaps, but not absolutely great or glorious or permanent, until

"You give your people education;"

and I thus presume to add a line which I conceive to be absolutely necessary to the philosophy, if not the poetry.

IMPROMPTU.

The following impromptu, to a little girl, now a fair and fine woman, has been lying in my portfolio nearly twenty years.

Were I on Ashley's banks, my dear,
In that sweet land no longer mine,
A flower, the freshest, proudest there,
Should in thy virgin bosom shine;
But what the exile may impart,
The all that fortune leaves to care,
He gives, in blessings from his heart,
For all the hopes in thine, my dear.

FEMININENESS OF GENIUS.

It is the feminine feature in the constitution of genius, that it argues by intuition—as if the mind enjoyed impulses totally independent of the body—rather than by the ordinary reasoning faculty; and arrives at its conclusions rather by a consentaneous action of the thought and feeling, than by the slow processes of induction. There is certainly a very curious harmony between the thoughts and the sympathies, in the constitution of genius; and this is perhaps the sufficient reason why its utterances are usually so full of equal energy and beauty—why it speaks with such confidence and power—its voice being like the flight upward of a great bird, conscious of strength, confident of wing, glorying in the sunlight, and with its great, clear eye, always singling out the eminence it would reach, before it darts, for its attainment, into the wide blue deeps of air.

REMORSE.

Remorse is but too frequently felt, not so much for past errors and offences, as for the loss of those opportunities and powers by which we might still continue to offend. We lament rather the decline

of the passions than their misdirection; and weep, not so much for the sins we have committed, as for the sins we can commit no longer.

SATISFACTION IN DISCOVERY.

I see no reason why the person who has been so fortunate as to find a mare's nest, should not be suffered to cackle over the eggs.

FORTUNE.

Happy accidents are the parents of a thousand great designs; but the same person who charges all his miscarriages upon Fortune, never makes the least acknowledgment to the same Goddess, in the day of his success. Sylla, among great men, is almost the only exception to the rule, on record. He conciliated the favors of the Goddess, as we may do most of the sex, by waiving, with a becoming humility, his own claims in deference to hers.

INGENUOUSNESS OF INNOCENCE.

In the ingenuous nature, the heart is continually looking out from the eyes, as a young girl from the window. It is only the *knowing* damsel who peeps from behind the curtain or the lattice.

TEARS.

To tell us, by way of consolation, that the object for whom we mourn was mortal, is to offer the very reason for our tears. Tears are the undoubted language of mortality. Were the case not remediless, consolation would be easy; and we should weep, if only at the lesson which reminds us that we are mortal also. Besides, how should we forbear our sorrows, when we discover that one who was a perpetual source of joy, can also prove a perpetual source of privation?

THE HEART.

Alas! how should we doubt of the fortunes of the heart, when it was in the shape of Love that Ahrimanes first found his way into the egg of Ormusd?

CHARITY.

It is charity, I suppose, that sometimes puts out a poor man's candle, and reproaches him for going in the dark. We are apt to disparage the education of the poor, and to oppose all legislation in its favor; but nobody allows us to forget that poverty is very ignorant, very immoral, and of the most unbecoming tastes and propensities.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

No people can be esteemed equal to the duties of self-government, whose ignorance or cupidity is such that they dare not look the cost of their liberties in the face.

A COMPLIMENT TO HUMILITY.

It must be very grateful to the man who humbly estimates his own claims, that the world always heartily approves his judgment.

GREAT MEN.

Great men are a common property. They form the solar system for the world of mind, and shine more or less brightly upon all the nations.

FALL AND SPRING.

The English describe as a provincialism of America, the use of the term "Fall," to indicate our autumn; but how properly is this word the antagonist to "Spring," as the indication of the opposite season. The *Spring* of the leaf and the *Fall* of the leaf find their sources in a common figure; are equally pleasing and equally proper.

ARGUMENT.

Never argue with a fool. The probability is that he will never understand you, and if you understand him, you are apt to gain nothing by it. In all probability you will misunderstand each other. The very attempt of a fool to argue, shows the possession of an ominous self-esteem. This will always make him suspicious of a superior. Your very generalities will vex him as so many personalities, and he will be apt to resent his own emptiness of head by testing physically the strength of yours. Risk nothing with this class of persons. You cannot find a fit antagonist in their heads, and should beware of their heels.

CONVENTIONAL VIRTUE.

Conventional virtue is only an outer barrier to that which is intrinsic; but it is a barrier never overthrown until the citadel is prepared to surrender.

FASHIONS.

A light and frivolous people may do a thousand things with impunity, that it will not be safe for an earnest and impassioned race to think of. When fashions, borrowed from foreign nations, persuade a

departure from the customs of a people, there is always some danger of a loss of purity from the adoption of the new.

PASSION.

What may be mere folly to you, might be my madness. Your safety lies in the rapidity with which you pass from passion to passion. With me, the passion must burn out first before it passes. My lamp is of naphtha. I must beware how it meets the flame.

POLITICS IN THE DOG DAYS.

We perceive some slight disposition among our younger politicians, always to wax warm as the season advances, and to spice their discussions with acrid and ascetic condiments. But we trust that the temper with which the thing is done will be liable to no misconstruction. Experienced politicians, particularly if they have objects in view which they profess to regard as patriotic, are not apt to employ such a seasoning for their argumentative dishes; and taking into consideration the always notorious wisdom which belongs to youth, and making due allowance for its superior zeal and enthusiasm, we are bound to assume, when they say sharp and

spicy things to one another, that they employ them in a sense purely Pickwickian. In this way, a reasonable stomach may stand a great deal, and the sufferer will always employ a retort in the same fashion and spirit. A good lesson is afforded among the anecdotes of the Continent. A young Prince, warmed by wine and wassail, and living on the best possible terms with himself, on one occasion threw the drops of wine remaining in the bottom of his glass into the face of one of his father's generals. "My Prince," replied the General, quietly filling his glass the while, "you are not experienced in this sort of thing; let me show you how it should be done." Thus saying, he flung the contents of the full glass into the face of the young philosopher;* and all this was done, we are to suppose, in the best possible temper. There was no indignity designed on either hand. An error—a mistake shall we call it—was committed by the promising youth, which the senior gently rebuked after a purely Pickwickian manner,—as it should be. In sharp discussion you are permitted the *retort courteous*, which is the *grace* in discussion; the *retort abrupt*, which is the *sublime* of discussion; the *quip*

* The anecdote is told of General Oglethorpe.

valiant, which is the *excruciating* of discussion; but when you pass these bounds, which the Law Pickwick sanctions, and indulge in the *argument conclusive*, which is vulgarly styled the "knockdown" argument, or the "*Sockdologer*," which Mrs. Partington confounds with "*Doxologie*," you are guilty of an outrage upon good manners, which cannot be too severely reprehended. Now, at this juncture, when it is essential to the common cause that we should be civil to each other, we must beware how we err in this fashion. You may beard your neighbor in patriotic discussion, but beware how you take him by the beard. You are respectfully exhorted to keep in remembrance the gentle counsel, so recently heard in your nursery ballads,—not to suffer "your angry passions" at any time

> ——— "to rise;
> Your little hands were never made,
> To tear each other's eyes!"

You will have sufficient uses for your hands and eyes, hereafter; for, if you cannot *see* together, it will yet be necessary that you should *pull* together, if you would keep the good ship that carries you all, safe from the breakers, the rocks, and a gloomy lee-shore!

INSECTS.

There are certain insects which we seek to brush away, but never to destroy. If they perish in the operation, it is due rather to their inferior vitality, than to the purpose of the destroyer. They have the satisfaction of knowing that, in incurring their fate, they have provoked no bad feeling in the breast of him who has been unwillingly their executioner.

EXECUTIONER.

I can readily understand how certain people merit the gallows, but I am slow to perceive why I should be Jack Ketch on the occasion.

WEAPONS.

The man's plan of warfare is always in correspondence with his own nature. Filth is the natural weapon of the hand that flings it.

ETERNITY.

The very vagueness of the opening of Genesis is full of significance. "In the Beginning," is pregnant with mystery and meaning. "In the Beginning." "Yes, but when?" Still "In the Begin-

ning." The mind fails to grasp anything farther, though conscious of a wonderful history in reserve. The idea of a beginning is quite as difficult as that of a close, so far as concerns the question of creation. The difficulty with us lies in the simple fact that all our standards of judgment are based upon things and objects of *Time*. Now, Time had a beginning, and will have an ending; while Eternity is *now*, always was, and always will be. Time is only an episode in the drama, which was never begun, never will end, and is always in progress. Eternity is a circle gradually widening for us, and which we can only penetrate when we escape from Time—a circle complete from the beginning, always a beginning—to us a *be-coming* (to employ a foreign idiom), and which we shall probably understand only when we *come to Be!*

BOWS AND BEAUX.

Emmeline boasts two *strings* to her *bow:*
Might I teach her a happier thing—
Then should the thoughtless damsel know
Better to carry two *beaux* to her *string*.

Susan, with luckier judgment led,
Wisely and silently shapes her lot;

And never with vain delusions fed,
Soon turns her one beau (*bow*) into a *knot.*

HEAT AND HEALTH.

We suspect that the summer is now fully and fairly upon us. Were you alive yesterday, gentle reader? If so, another question—are you alive to-day? We congratulate you if you are quite able to answer the question. The thermometer at 94° in the shade, is no favorable sign of a cool, comfortable condition of the atmosphere. Under such a pressure of heat, it is mere impertinence to counsel you to keep *cool.* But, we believe, that we can safely counsel you to keep *well,* without offending your self-esteem, or the usual placidity of your temper. Your policy will be to recognise the conviction prevailing among certain people of the East. There, the solicitude, when one meets his friend in very hot weather, is expressed in a query which is sufficiently homely for the commonest understanding. You meet your friend each day, and as you encounter, the question is put by both voices, each taking his neighbor's hand, and looking into his eyes with most tender solicitude: "How do you sweat to-day?" The inquiry is a coarse one, no

doubt, but it is full of meaning. If it cannot be answered satisfactorily—if the skin of either, that day, is dry and sluggish—if the pores have not done their duty in the case of either—the other hurries off, and, as an act of friendship, calls in the undertaker, who measures his friend for his coffin. He is supposed to need it in the next twenty-four hours.—Politeness requires that, if we ask the same question, we use a different phraseology. We may even put it into rhyme :

"Do your pores
Keep open doors?"

If they do not, see to it directly; move briskly, and get into a perspiration with all possible speed, that you may answer your friend's question to his satisfaction and your own.

THE NONPAREIL.

It is said of the Nonpareil, a tiny and beautiful bird of the South, which sings very sweetly when at home, that, when carried abroad, he loses entirely his voice. Whether this be fact or fable, I am not prepared to say. On one occasion, however, in a northern city, he was pointed out to me as an ex-

ample of this musical loss, and the subject was suggested as highly suited to poetry. But I, too, was in exile, and my right hand had lost its cunning also. This will account for the baldness and coldness of the following impromptu.

'Tis our own bird, the Nonpareil, whose sorrow,
When ye have borne him from his native home,
Speaks for the Poet's grief, who may not borrow
One voice from Song thus doomed afar to roam.
Vain all his toilsome strains;—the fond endeavor
Still fruitless trembles on his tuneless lips:
Like that sad bird, the exiled Bard must ever
Deplore his Muse's soul in dark eclipse.

RIGHT AND JUSTICE.

It is much easier to get money than to get justice. The world is apt to resent, as a wrong done to its self-esteem, that you should claim anything as a right. It prefers to bestow, as a charity, that which you, properly, perhaps, can regard only as a debt.

WEALTH A DANGER.

The degree of criminality, under all tyrannies, ancient and modern, was always proportioned to the equal wealth and weakness of the offender. The fat sheep is always most full of provocation.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

Most people value us in proportion to the quality of independence in our characters. We must compel, and cannot conciliate, respect; we may find favor, and secure friendship—nay, disarm hostility, by conciliation; but the deference of men is graduated in just degree with their convictions of your individuality, the sense of independence which you feel, and the coercive influence which you thence enjoy, and by which you force the same convictions upon them.

ENTREATY.

How often do we entreat the favor which it makes us shudder to think may be granted to our entreaties. Politeness thus frequently sacrifices to vulgarity and courtesy will do the honors, where both taste and feeling may recoil from their object.

GREATNESS.

One's greatness does not depend upon his position, but upon his ability to use it fully. Yet the ape, scrambling into the purple, will have his worshippers. It is the consolation of humanity, in such

cases, that the God is not unworthy of the priesthood.

AUDACITY OF EVIL.

How wilful is that judgment which shuts the door against Love, and opens it to his rival. The affections tap modestly, as always distrusting themselves, and fearing to obtrude. But hypocrisy is never without pretension, and we too frequently yield to audacity what is only due to prayer. Love may be likened to the humble mendicant, who looks his unworthiness while he entreats your bounty. It is passion and selfishness only, which, assuming his name, assail you on the highway, with their "Stand and deliver!"—claiming as their right, the boon, which is only precious as a charity.

WEALTH.

Beauty may be without a single jewel, yet not without riches, if the world will involuntarily exclaim, how worthy she is to wear the brightest. Better that men should ask why she does *not*, than why she does.

WRONG AND RIGHT.

To stop doing wrong is the simple process with

which to begin the work of doing right; but vanity commonly perseveres in the path of error, for no better reason than a reluctance to make to others that confession which it has already made to itself. In the case of weak persons how strong will be the tenacious obstinacy with which they cling to errors, simply because their neighbors are looking on.

AMATEURS.

These amateurs,—were they only content with the praise, without seeking to deserve it,—might easily secure satisfaction for all their claims, without perilling them by unnecessary discussion of their merit. Would they only, like the beggar on the highway, be satisfied to take the obolus, without distressing the giver by their painful stories, which we know to be lies, we should feel the duties of charity less burdensome upon us, and they would retire with a less humiliating consciousness of the extent of the bounty they receive.

FRUIT AND FOOD.

Fruits, as fruits, are good things,—as food, evil. Beware of confounding the dinner with the dessert. He who makes a meal of his pudding, will soon find his pudding only meal

FORTUNE DUE TO COURAGE.

Fortune is usually most perverse where the adventurer is most feeble. Will always masters opportunity. "My son," said the priestess of Apollo, as Alexander of Macedon, preparing for his expedition, forced her towards the tripod, "My son, thou art irresistible." He immediately released her, assured that no more agreeable response could issue from the oracle.

THE BASE.

The alliances of the base and mean are seldom of long duration. Lacking principle, which is the only secret of a permanent connexion of any kind, they find it more easy to peril their profits, than to yield their faith to one another.

DEFORMITY.

I can more easily understand why deformity of person should make one wretched, than why beauty should make one vain. The weakness which desires to please is an amiable one, and there is no good reason why the recipient of God's bounty should be vain of, rather than grateful for it.

GHOSTS.

I suppose that, but for a purgatory, we should be permitted to see more ghosts. The process of purification must render the world which they have left, exceedingly distasteful to those who are about to be made perfect; and if the danger did not exactly arise from this cause, it might from the difficulty of urging forwards the process with sufficient rapidity, with so many familiar temptations for ever present to their eyes. The old wallow frequently invites the yearning of him whom Fortune has enabled to pass into a palace.

NATIVE SOIL.

That only is the native soil of Genius in which it takes root and flourishes. At all events, a nation must show that it has been the nursery of its great man, or it takes no credit from his growth. The care and cultivation of a people can alone establish their just right to the productions of the soil.

POETRY AND THE ARTS.

Poetry and the fine arts generally, are pursuits, which usually disparage their professors in the regards of vulgar people. They are supposed by the

ignorant to be incompatible with the useful, as they wear a less material aspect than all other occupations. Beggary and genius have become the proverbial synonymes among the vulgar of almost every nation; and nothing is more distressing to the green grocer or the butter merchant, than the dreadful apprehension that his favorite son, Jacky, may yet turn out to be a genius.

THE POOR.

The poor, it is written, shall never cease out of the land, and for this reason, perhaps, if no other, that charity is too precious a virtue to be foregone in the exercise of those by which the proud heart is to be kept modest and in subjection.

SOCIAL INDEPENDENCE.

The secret of social independence lies in ascertaining exactly upon how little it is possible to live, and in accommodating our expenditure to this standard. When this condition is attained, there is no wealth sufficiently great to persuade you to the barter of a principle or feeling.

POPULAR POETRY.

The great majority of men have no sympathy

with poetry or the fine arts. It is mostly an affectation when they assert their sympathy. The poetry which ordinarily pleases, and enters into the general sense, is rather the expression of a familiar sentiment, which they can understand and appreciate in common use, than the utterance and embodiment of any ideal. Rhyme commends to them, in a portable form, a commonplace which they acknowledge; and appeals, in this way, rather to their memories than their tastes. The original poet has a phraseology of his own, which offends the unfamiliar ear. This accounts for much of the hostility of contemporary criticism. Many of the passages of Milton and Shakspeare, which we now find so precious and happy, were discussed as offensive novelties, when uttered first, and censured in due degree with their freshness.

POLICY.

It is not so sure that he who hurrahs for nothing will not gain something by any hurrah. Where there is no enthusiasm there is apt to be cunning, and he who lacks the impulses of a Scipio, may yet be familiar with the most subtle policies of a Talleyrand.

DESERT.

We shall always find in our secret consciousness, a sufficient justification for all the severities of fortune under which we suffer.

MENTAL VISION.

The snail is not less a traveller, because his circuit is small and his pace slow. The world always accommodates itself to the capacities of the creature. He who has noted all within the compass of the vision, is worthy to have circumnavigated the globe.

MORAL DEFENCE.

Of all defences, there is none comparable to habitual insignificance. Obscurity is the seven-fold shield of bull-hides, tougher than that of Ajax. If anywhere assailable, it is only, like Achilles, in the heel.

THE CRIMINAL.

Pliny, in one of his celebrated letters, says, that though there may be some use in setting the mark upon the criminal by way of example, there will be more in sparing him for the sake of humanity. It is not unfrequently the case that justice gains at the

expense of humanity. It does not unfrequently happen that the laws, in the operation of penalties, make great out of small criminals, by putting the offender so entirely without the pale of civilization and society as to render it impossible that he should ever again be able to enter within it. The great difficulty in the way of criminal justice, is so to proportion the punishment to the offence, as to make the subject of its operations, himself, admit its propriety. By overstepping this limit, justice becomes harsh and unnatural, and compels the criminal, not uncommonly, into acts, proportioned in their extent to the penalty he has been compelled already to abide. Schiller has an admirable story, the German title of which is "The Criminal, because of the Operation of the Laws," that is to say, one, who, though in the first instance an offender, has been made, subsequently, a criminal, by the very laws which have been enacted as a preventive of his crime. In imitation of the Draco-like system of Great Britain, our criminal laws not unfrequently denounce the penalty of Cain upon the offence of Jacob; and the brand, which should be applied for the taking of a brother's blood, is also oftentimes the punishment for partaking of a brother's pottage.

SONG OF MARGARET.

The simple, but very touching story of Margaret, in the "Faust" of Goethe, has been often admired, and as often has the attempt been made at its translation. The following effort to clothe it in English verse, preserving all its rustic simplicity, is, I fear, as little successful as any previously made. A performance, so lavish of feeling, yet so lacking in thought, cannot be translated with advantage; and the attempt at a paraphrase would be wholly unjustifiable.

My peace is gone,
  My heart is sore,
I shall never more find it,
  Oh! never more.

Where I see him not,
  Is a charnel tomb,
And the whole wide world,
  But a grief and gloom.

My poor, poor head,
  Grows wild with thought,
My feeble senses,
  Are all distraught.

For my peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I shall never more find it,
Oh! never more.

I look from the window,
In search of one,
From the dwelling I wander,
For him alone.

His noble port,
His manly size,
His mouth's sweet smile,
And his searching eyes.

And then, of his voice,
The piercing bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And O! his kiss.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I shall find it never,
Oh! never more.

How my heart struggles,
To clasp him here,
How could I fold him,
And hold him near.

And kissing him fondly,
I feel that I,
Clinging and kissing,
Could die, could die.

THE AFFECTIONS.

Did we exercise our affections as sensibly as our passions, we should be the more perfectly masters, not only of our happiness, but of our hearts. Of these, however, we really know quite as little as we do of those of other people, and it is only in the ruin of our resources that we are informed of their extent.

THE HEART.

The heart has its own season for maturing and for fruit. In suffering that season to escape us, we plant but vainly for the future.

OCCASION.

Occasion is the accoucheur of genius; but he surely is no genius who is content to wait for the occasion.

PATIENCE.

Are you slandered? Be patient;—the viper will sooner tire than the file.

TOO LATE.

"Too late" and "no more" are the mournful sisters, children of a sire whose age they never console.

CHARITY.

Men are always pleased to entertain the worst opinion of their neighbors. The world will never believe a man to be unfortunate, or a sufferer, so long as it is possible to insist that he is a scoundrel.

PURPOSE.

There are some men whose purposes are so very magnificent that it may be permitted them to attempt nothing.

MORAL COMPROMISE.

The compromises which conscience suffers between vice and virtue, deny them both the advantages for which they are entered into; vice, never wholly in possession of the enjoyment of the present life, as certainly baffles virtue in its possession of the future. But man is so essentially of two natures, that it may be permitted him to hope that the stipulations of the one, may not be suffered always to impair the conditions of the other.

EXCUSE.

Our individual philosophies are commonly nothing more than the ingenious excuses which pride offers for the wilfulness of all the other passions.

DREAMS.

Dreams seem to me to prove that the mind is always awake and at work, and that it never partakes of the sleep of the body. Our convictions, which come to us like instincts, are thoughts which we have reached in our meditations during sleep. That we are conscious of our dreaming thoughts, and that they are usually disjointed, only proves an imperfect condition of physical repose.

YOUTH AND AGE.

The eyes of youth look into the heart of its neighbor, while those of age must be content with the melancholy survey of its own. The former contemplates a palace, the latter a ruin. The one sings like the mocking-bird at the dawn, the other shrieks with the owl at the sunset. The one may be likened to a river when first breaking away through the fettering rocks, and leaping gladly and triumphantly down the heights in foam and sunshine. The other to the same river hundreds of miles away from its place of birth, sluggishly creeping through marshy plains to subside finally in the drear abysses of the morass.

PATRIOTISM.

He cares but little for the defence of the city whose goods are yet in the forest and the field.

EQUALITY.

God may have made all men free and equal, but I know not that he has ever promised to keep them so.

APPLAUSE.

No doubt it were very grateful always to make our exit with applause—the awkward doubt commonly is whether the applause is intended for our playing or our departure.

BENEFITS.

That boon is the most precious which comes to us in the moment of privation. The seasonableness of the gift compensates for its poverty.

GRIEFS.

Great griefs consecrate their victim in the sight of men;—even as the lightning, which was supposed, in ancient times, to render sacred the tree which it destroyed.

TEARS.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would flood our hearts. Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how insolent would be our sunshine.

FOLLY.

The success which increases the fortunes of the fool, brings due increase to his folly also; and annoyance makes that offensive which before was only ridiculous. There is no animal so impertinent, as that which shakes its head loftily, totally unconscious of its monstrous length of ears.

WORSHIP.

There never was a people yet who, having built the temple, stood long in waiting for the priest. The conscious wants of the people will always produce the endowment.

NATURE.

The pictures of Nature are done in water colors only, but how they mock that art which exults in oil.

WOMAN.

The woman who goes out from her sex is always

in danger. The true secret by which Virtue is kept in safety, is never to be forgetful of its weakness. The devil watches, with the eager interest of a proprietor, all that class of persons who confidently say—"I dare!"

RUINS.

It is but too frequently the case that we know where a God has been, only by the ruins of his altar.

ORACLES.

We apply to the oracle only in the failure of our hope. Why call in the physician, when it is the undertaker only who can be useful? How sad are the accents of that heart, of which we had no consciousness, until awakened to the truth by its dying agonies! How mournful that voice of counsel, which rebukes us for having sought for it in vain!

COUNSEL.

The world, which still cavils at the fortunate, as certainly counsels the defeated. Exhortation is quite as spontaneous and prompt as envy. The vanity which breeds the one is equally fruitful of the other. The same lips that denounce success

for its audacity, as confidently teach failure in what its error has lain. Oh! excellent, wise world, that equally well understands how to censure both triumph and defeat—triumph as it offends pride, and defeat as it furnishes provocation to vanity.

GUILT.

The guilt that feels not its own shame is wholly incurable. It was the redeeming promise in the fault of Adam, that, with the commission of his crime, came the sense of his nakedness.

VIRTUE.

How sublime is the virtue that still plants without any expectation that it shall ever reap. He most emulates the Deity who plants for future generations.

FATE.

The same people who appeal to Fortune every day, would suppose their religion monstrously outraged, if you should insist also upon a Fate. Yet Fortune, to be of any use to the supplicant, must be Fate also. It is a very common infirmity among men, to confound both of these with the Deity.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF HUMAN EXPECTATIONS.

The extravagance of our demands is continually mocked by our necessities. How absurd that he who lacks even his daily bread, and is at no time sure of it for three days together, will yet indulge in dreams of quails showered from the heavens!—and yet, the very virtue of Hope, is to be found in this very sort of illusion; and poverty is solaced, feeding upon a dream, in the absence of any more solid viands.

MORALS AND PASSION.

No man writes, or feels, good morals who has not had wicked thoughts. It is only by a knowledge of the evil, that we can understand or appreciate the good. Vice is the natural antagonist of Virtue, through which she achieves her own superiority. Were there no vice there would be no virtue; and a mere eulogy upon virtue in any volume, would be excessively tedious. You must show the two in contrast and opposition, if you would illustrate justly the beauties of the one and the deformities of the other. That inane existence, which has no secret consciousness of evil—which never suffers

from temptation—never suffers from any goadings of the secret adversary in our nature—is perfectly incapable of conceiving the high nature and the necessities of virtue. Such persons only escape sin from their deficient impulses of every sort. They are persons who stagnate, rather than forbear—with whom apathy is the sole security against passion. Their serenity is not in the superiority of their virtue, but in the sluggishness of their blood. It is in the absence of animation, not in the triumph of conscience, that they find repose. Stagnation is never purity; and it is a sad blindness of heart that fancies, because of the sterility of its passions, that its chastity is positive.

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